AUGUST 15, 1983
$1.75
TIME
Inside Castro's Prisons
BABIES
WHAT DO THEY KNOW? WHEN DO THEY KNOW IT?
0 10090 33 724404

Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
9mg. tar
0.8mg. nic.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

If you're looking for a bargain, you might as well get something good.

New HP-86B. Hewlett-Packard quality for under $2900!

Now you can get the expertise, quality and reliability you need to get the job done—at a price you'd never expect.

The HP-86B personal computer with single disc drive is now just $2820*

Massive software selection.

Our HP Series 80 software catalog is 450 pages long—with everything from break-even analysis to vector arithmetic. In addition, the catalog includes dozens of general-business packages like Peachtree™ accounting and VisiCalc™ PLUS.

Add the optional CP/M module, and you'll extend your system even further to accept many popular programs such as WordStar™ and dBASE II.™

Better graphics, fewer steps.

You can make your data "take shape" quickly and easily, directly transferring from screen to paper without re-programming. With an optional HP plotter and graphics software, you'll make professional-quality pie and bar charts, line graphs, text pages, and overhead transparencies. Which means you can literally get ready for a meeting in minutes, and even have your visuals in color.

Easy to program, hard to ignore.

Should you need to go beyond the hundreds of ready-to-run programs and create your own software, powerful step-saving features like *automatic* syntax checking speed the process.

So if you're looking for a bargain, don't ignore the HP-86B: the personal computer that's priced right and doesn't compromise on quality. For the authorized HP dealer nearest you, call TOLL-FREE (800) FOR-HPPC and ask for operator #47 M-F 6am-6pm Pacific Time.

*Price includes 128K computer/keyboard, 12" monitor, and single 270K 3½" disc drive. With dual 540K capacity disc drive, $3195. Prices are U.S. suggested retail, and may vary outside the U.S.
CP/M is a registered trademark of Digital Research, Inc.
WordStar is a registered trademark of MicroPro.
dBASE II is a registered trademark of Ashton-Tate.
Peachtree is a registered trademark of Peachtree Software, Inc.
VisiCalc is a registered trademark of VisiCorp.
UCSD p-system is a registered trademark of the Regents of the University of California.

THE HP-86B AT A GLANCE.

User memory: 128K-640K	Operating Systems: HP-Enhanced BASIC built-in; UCSD p-System,™ CP/M.*
Microprocessor: Custom HP	
Display: 80 characters x 24 lines Graphics resolution 544h x 240v	Communication/interfacing: HP-IB (IEEE-488) built-in. RS-232, GPIO, BCD, HP-IL, plug-in modem, terminal emulator.
Keyboard: 14 function keys, 10 key number pad	Peripherals: 6 printers, 5 plotters, Winchester hard discs.

Personal computers & calculators for professionals on the move.

PG02337 602F

HEWLETT PACKARD

THE FIRE ALARM SMART ENOUGH TO PHONE FOR HELP.

What happens if fire breaks out, and your smoke detector sounds its alarm, but there's no one home to hear it?

The answer: the Bell Emergency Call System (ECS).

Just plug it in. And it works with your smoke detector to protect your home, business or property. Even if no one's there.

Because as soon as its electronic sensors hear your smoke detector, it calls out the word "Fire" for 30 seconds. This voice-alarm can be cancelled at that time.

If it isn't, ECS phones the first of two numbers you've selected until someone answers.* It announces the emergency. Gives your address. And repeats it.

The Bell Emergency Call System. It costs only $229.90.** Yet it can save a life or what you've worked for a lifetime to save.

Bell Phone Center

INTRODUCING ECS

Emergency Call System.

AT&T

Use your VISA, MasterCard or American Express. *Some cities have laws which govern the sale and use of all emergency reporting systems. In case there are any, call your local Fire Department on their non-emergency telephone line for details. **Price includes one console and one transmitter. Additional transmitters $29.95. Tax not included. © 1983 AT&T

AUGUST 15, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 7 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Every doting parent has experienced the special challenges of photographing a baby. Baby isn't very helpful. But when such a photograph is needed for the cover of TIME, the challenges grow exponentially. First, the professional photographer, unlike the parent, has to find a baby. This week's cover photographer, Gordon Munro, consulted Marge McDermott, a New York City talent agent for the carriage set, and told her exactly what he wanted: "A baby who seems to be almost newborn but is also beginning to look like everybody's idea of a baby. And I want to look at as many babies with as many different personalities as possible." McDermott sent eight of her 200 available clients to the photographer, who took Polaroid pictures. Then he and TIME's art directors winnowed the list to three. One, says Munro, was a happy, bubbling child who never stopped laughing; the second was a preternaturally wise, grown-up infant; the third, a classically pretty baby-food-ad type.

GORDON MUNRO

Cover Baby Lisa Harap in non-winsome pose

The three were photographed for three hours on a Formica-covered plank in Munro's New York City studio. The session, which cost $75 per hour per baby, was unstructured. "The babies did whatever they felt like," says Munro. "If they fell over, we didn't sit them up. If they dribbled, we didn't clean them up. The hardest part was getting their mothers to leave them alone."

TIME's editors reviewed the hundreds of pictures from that session, along with similar efforts by four other photographers. "We got wonderful pictures from all five," says Art Director Rudolph Hoglund. "But we were looking for that one baby with just the right expression and gesture." The editors' choice: six-month-old Lisa Harap of Queens Village, N.Y., Munro's "wise" baby. Lisa becomes the youngest identifiable living person ever to appear on TIME's cover (the oldest: 96-year-old Football Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg, in 1958).

The cover story itself was supervised by Senior Editor Jim Atwater, who has supervised six children of his own. It was written by Senior Writer Otto Friedrich, a father of five, who is now watching his first granddaughter, Julia, 2, grow up. "Being a grandparent lets you relive the emotions of parenthood, but at a remove," Friedrich says. "And it really revives your interest." His interest in the young extends to the world of books. He has collaborated with his wife Priscilla on nine published children's volumes. One of them, *The Easter Bunny That Overslept*, a classic for 26 years, was reissued this spring, suitably reillustrated for Julia's generation.

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Photograph by Gordon Munro

52
Cover: Brighter by far than even proud parents have always thought, babies are now shown to see, hear and even think almost at birth. That is changing traditional concepts of child rearing and education. *See* MEDICINE.

10
Nation: Reagan tries to blunt the fairness issue. ▸ A sudden drop in unemployment cheers the Administration. ▸ The Governors knock deficits. ▸ A father's revenge stirs Buffalo. ▸ Political humor becomes serious business.

20
A Poet's Report: Cuban Emigré Armando Valladares describes 22 harrowing years in Castro's jails—the tortures, the religious persecution, his recovery from a crippling ailment and his ultimate release. *See* WORLD.

7
American Scene
Bing Lempke's wife never worries that he is out chasing women. Reason: he is always in the Snake River chasing fish.

18
World
Reagan's envoy meets a Salvadoran rebel. ▸ The U.S. sends arms to Chad. ▸ Talk of reviving the "walk in the woods."

30
Essay
Plural solipsism, the belief that everybody is "just like us," yields a very congenial world—but one that happens not to exist.

39
Education
Some lucky high school teachers are sent back to college for an immersion in Homer, Vergil and Shakespeare.

42
Economy & Business
The U.S. tries to rein in the runaway dollar. ▸ General Motors is sued by the Government. ▸ New profits for TV networks.

48
Living
Gelato is the rallying cry of Heat Wave 1983. Ice cream Italian-style, sinfully rich and creamy, is sweeping the land.

50
Music
The Police are rocking through the season's biggest group tour, and the sounds from the S.R.O. stadiums are mighty good.

64
Cinema
Berlin Alexanderplatz is a brutal, 15-hour masterpiece. ▸ Richard Farnsworth brings dignity to *The Grey Fox*.

69
Video
Agnes Nixon, the queen of the soaps, has a new show with her trademark mixture of social relevance and young love.

70
Show Business
Is there life after *Arthur?* Yes, and at 79, John Gielgud, famous to theatergoers for 50 years, has become a Major Movie Star.

72
Behavior
An inexplicable mental block can adversely affect the performance of a ballplayer, cutting short a promising career.

4 Letters
32 Milestones
34 Law
40 Science
51 People
60 Books

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $45 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. J. Richard Munro, President; Thayer Bigelow, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 122 No. 7 © 1983 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the Red Border Design are protected through trademark registration in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time & Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. □□□□□

Letters

Touring Abroad

To the Editors:

Having just returned from my first trip to Europe, I was excited by your story on the large number of Americans vacationing overseas [July 25]. The hassle of travel is part of the fun. It also helps to keep your sense of humor. Nevertheless, I found the people friendly, the countries beautiful and the guides knowledgeable. I cannot wait to go back.

Diane Conrad
Emmaus, Pa.

Your article on the large numbers of Americans who are traveling overseas this year was great. But you neglected to mention an outstanding bargain, Manila. Hotels there are first class, and room, board and shopping are hard to beat.

Earle T. Binckley
Laguna Niguel, Calif.

Contrary to what you say, the Ugly American is alive and well. He is staying at the Bristol in Paris for a "bargain" $124 a night and is refusing to learn about the French people and culture. When I traveled abroad, I stayed in inexpensive private rooms and pensions where I got to know the ordinary people.

Diane Timmerman
Indianapolis

I resent your attitude that travel in Europe must be expensive to be good. An intimate pension in Florence, an inn on a quiet beach on Mykonos or a quaint hotel in London: that is the kind of place people prefer today. Many American tourists do not care where the Hilton is, and do not spend $10 on breakfast in Rome.

Lisa A. Forte
New York City

I do not understand why Americans want to leave their own beautiful country, which has everything. Why prowl about expensive London or wander through old castles and ruined coliseums, when close at hand you have bright, invigorating scenes? I have made five trips to the U.S. and loved every minute. I am pushing 90, but still hope to reach Idaho before fate cries halt.

Rex Coley
King's Lynn, England

Arming Iran

In your article on the illegal sale of arms to the Ayatullah Khomeini [July 25], you point out that millions of dollars worth of U.S.-made weapons flow to Iran. One would think that U.S. armament firms would be satisfied with the huge profits they make on Defense Department contracts, along with the generous subsidies for research and development. But by supplying arms to Iran, these merchants are selling their pride, their patriotism and their moral credibility.

Greg Smith
Canyon, Texas

We should continue to sell arms and spare parts to Iran. If we do not, someone else will, probably the U.S.S.R. In addition, the interminable war between Iran and Iraq creates a heavy drain on Iran's economy, which can only hasten the demise of Khomeini's government.

David A. Lathrap
Lafayette, Calif.

The Ayatullah is crazy like a fox. It is we who are the lunatics supplying weapons to our enemies.

Frank Quinn
Elm Grove, Wis.

Goose and Gander Gap

The story "Getting a Gender Message" [July 25] noted several complaints women have about President Reagan's record on women's issues. Women should realize that Reagan has done more for us than have so-called liberal Presidents. He put a woman on the Supreme Court, which is more concrete than giving lip service to the ERA, as his predecessor did.

Rena Schilsky
New York City

The picture accompanying your article on the National Women's Political Caucus convention shows four Congresswomen, two of whom are wearing open-toe shoes appropriate for the beach rather than Congress. Unless women take a more professional approach to their work, they will continue to be left behind.

Margaret C. Loftus
San Francisco

In the picture of the four Congresswomen, I saw not unshaven legs, but eight nicely turned ankles.

Frederick P. Cullen Jr.
Chancellor, Ala.

Supporting a presidential candidate for his views on feminine issues shows a lack of political maturity and an overabundance of emotionalism. Most women are more intelligent than that.

Barry Moroney
Palo Cedro, Calif.

Congressional Censure

The condemnation given the two Congressmen who admitted having sex with congressional pages was puny punishment [July 25]. Americans expect these young people to learn about our Government while in Washington, not to be instructed in sex by Congressmen.

Paul Barber
Colorado Springs, Colo.

As one of Congressman Gerry Studds' constituents, I can explain why we are "surprisingly supportive" of him. No Representative has done so much to protect our environment or shown so much respect for our wishes.

Jane Carlee
Nantucket, Mass.

I was a congressional page in 1980, an experience I look back upon as unique and wonderful. What a few pages or Congressmen did privately should not downgrade the Congress or the page system.

Tanya Johnson
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Blame for Acid Rain

As a member of the National Academy of Sciences committee that prepared the recent study on acid rain, I am concerned that your story [July 11] has misinterpreted our report. You implied that we concluded that reducing emissions of sulfur dioxide from plants in the Midwest would significantly reduce acid rain in the Northeast. Our report did not say this. While there is a link between sulfur dioxide emissions over the eastern U.S. and acid rain over the same region, the contribution of Midwestern sources to acid rain in the Northeast remains unknown.

Volker A. Mohnen
Albany

G.I. ID

While I appreciate the technology that has enabled us to put a soldier's complete record on his plastic microchip dog tag, [July 25], I am appalled at what could happen if a G.I. were captured. The enemy would be able to read the information with his own computer, thereby leaving the soldier unprotected and destroying the doctrine of "name, rank and serial number."

Edward F. Mrkvicka Jr.
Marengo, Ill.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

IF YOU BUY UNIVERSAL LIFE FROM METROPOLITAN, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY WHETHER YOU'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING.

In today's uncertain economic climate, many people have expressed interest in life insurance coverage that can be more flexible and is geared to current interest rates.

Metropolitan's new Universal Life* product, our Flexible-Premium Life Insurance Policy, can do just that.

It's flexible enough to fit your constantly changing needs. Within limits, you can adjust the amount of your coverage and premiums as needed. And the interest credited on your cash value in excess of $1,000 is based on competitive market rates.

But Universal Life may not be right for you. Something else may better fit your needs.

That's a big advantage of dealing with Metropolitan. We provide a full line of life insurance plans tailored to your specific needs. Everything from basic Term protection to our Whole Life *Plus* coverage, one of the best buys in permanent insurance protection.

If Universal Life is right for you, we'll say so. If not, we'll help you choose the plan that is right.

Call your Metropolitan representative, a trained professional, who will make sure you get the coverage that's best for you.

Metropolitan Insurance Companies

METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Life/Health/Auto/Home/Retirement

© 1983 Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, N.Y., N.Y., Metropolitan Insurance and Annuity Company, N.Y., N.Y. *Available in most states.

One size doesn't necessarily fit all.

In our years of building the leading line of wagons, we've found there is no such thing as a "typical wagon buyer." So we build three distinct sizes of wagons. And, because a wagon is still a car, we surround the cargo space with an automobile that doesn't give up a thing in comfort and road worthiness.

Ford Escort.

Escort is America's best-selling wagon based on the most recent 1983 model year R. L. Polk registrations. It has 27.8 cubic feet of cargo room (58.4 cubic feet rear seat down). Its front-wheel drive makes it a great all-weather wagon. And its four-wheel independent suspension, (a feature very much absent on other American front-wheel-drive wagons) gives it a very smooth ride. Why not try an Escort wagon with the optional handling suspension, 1.6 liter higher output engine and five-speed manual transmission. It's fun.

4-passenger Ford Escort.

5-passenger Ford LTD.

6-passenger (8-passenger optional) Ford Country Squire.

Ford LTD.

LTD is our newest wagon. It has 41.6 cubic feet of cargo room (75.4 cubic feet rear seat down). And it, too, offers much that distinguishes it from other wagons. An aerodynamically sloped hood. Plus gas-pressurized shocks that smooth the ride and keep the car stable on the road over bumps. They help maintain control for better tracking. A 3.8 liter V-6 is available with an Automatic Overdrive transmission option.

Ford Country Squire.

Our most luxurious wagon. It has 52.6 cubic feet of cargo room (89.4 cubic feet rear seat down). It's available with seating for six or eight. And it's marvelously equipped with everything from power steering and brakes to Automatic Overdrive transmission and AM/FM stereo radio. Also standard is a 5.0 liter V-8 engine with electronically controlled fuel injection to give the Squire a throttle response that belies the car's size. You can even order a package that lets the car tow two-and-a half-tons of boat, trailer or anything else.

Families come in different sizes. Loads come in different sizes, and Ford wagons come in different sizes. You shouldn't expect anything less.

Get it together–Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

American Scene

In Idaho: The Hatch of the Green Drake

DAVID FRAZIER

Bing Lempke works his line at Henry's Fork

FRAZIER

Real green drake, left, and tied dry fly

Up ahead, the Snake River spooled around a long, grassy bend and then out of sight. From where Bing Lempke stood, waist-deep in the jade current, he had an uninterrupted view of several hundred yards of open water. His eyes had settled there, sweeping across the riffles and eddies for the dimple of a rising fish.

Suddenly Lempke broke out of his semicrouch into an exaggerated stride against the current, which translates roughly into a 440 run in Jell-O. As his body moved upstream, he worked the rod in his hand in metronomic double time, back and forth, back and forth, inching toward the trout, which had broken water again just a few feet forward of the last rise. As Lempke cast, setting down the fly, an imitation of a green drake May fly, a couple of yards above the rise pattern, his words came drifting on the wind: "My wife never has to worry about me being out in a bar or chasing women, because I'm always out here chasing fish. But this green drake gets a lot of fellas in trouble. I've got laid off three jobs because of that damn thing."

Only a few days before, the May flies had been sighted on the river. Their appearance was a cause for some jubilation in Last Chance, Idaho, a village in the resort area of Island Park (pop. 154) that is perched along the banks of Henry's Fork of the Snake River, or the North Fork as it is known locally. Every summer, the green drake—large and preposterously dandified, resembling, with its translucent upright wings, a miniature clipper ship—makes its appearance on the Idaho stream in an event that is enshrined in fly-fishing mythology. For a few days, scattered green drakes appear in the area, until finally one day the temperatures of the air and water reach critical mass and for perhaps an hour the drakes appear in huge flotillas on the water.

In every fly-fisherman's mind there exists a small repository of dates that mark the calendar. Each commemorates a day immutable as spring: the rise of larvae, or nymphs, from the bottom of certain streams and their emergence as May flies on the surface. But there is no date more important than the hatch of the fabled green drake on Henry's Fork. When the first of the insects is sighted on the Snake River, Henry's Fork and the whole town of Last Chance, as well as all the motels, gas stations, restaurants and tackleshops in between, come alive with their own hatch: trout fishermen.

It has long been so: Ernest Hemingway and Charles of the Ritz used to gather at the streamside Last Chance Bar to hoist a few to the quest, and scores of more or less notables have continued to do the same. Most believe the rainbow trout that has eluded them until now will succumb to a perfectly presented green drake under a cerulean Idaho sky. Some fishermen actually catch their imagined fish. Most do not.

When they do not, they often gravitate to one of the two tackleshops in Last Chance, or perhaps to the dining room of the Chalet Restaurant, and there, seated against the wall in a booth upholstered in red vinyl, they might find Bing Lempke. And whether they are plumbers from Cleveland or industrialists from Los Angeles, they may ask Lempke, who has fished Henry's Fork for a half-century, a litany of questions that run like this:

"What do you think of this green drake imitation, Bing?"

Bing: "I'd put a yellow feather in there to imitate the color of the drake's legs. Some people say the fish can't tell the difference. But those fish know the brand name on your waders and even how many patches you got on 'em."

"Why are those fish so slow getting on those drakes today, Bing?"

Bing: "Damn if I know. Just throwing us curves, I guess."

Lempke remembers his first fly-fishing trip. It was 1929, and an old fellow in Idaho Falls had given him some flies. Lempke caught 26 fish that day and was, he recalls, "proud as a peacock." He was also hooked. He left school shortly thereafter, worked at an assortment of jobs and ended up a pipefitter in Los Angeles. But every time the green drake made its appearance, its siren call prompted him to drop everything; hence those three lost jobs. Eventually, Lempke came back to Idaho Falls and devoted himself to fishing his river, while doing enough pipefitting to pay for it.

When the fish are hitting, boiling and slapping the surface for the green drakes, Lempke is just another fisherman. But when the action slows, and fish are harder to catch, he is a good fellow to know. Says Lempke: "I've met a lot of people, because if you're on that river and catching fish, and other people aren't catching fish, then you're going to meet people." As the locals like to say, "Bing just has plain good fish sense."

The Lempke fish sense is combined with a mischievous sense of humor, and a studied disregard for the pretensions and conceits affected by adherents of the sport. He uses an automatic reel, for instance, considered quite gauche by purists. He blends a mixture of gasoline and an oily substance called Mucilin to use as dry-fly ointment. He stumbled on his own version of the green drake when he noticed the rubber mat unraveling from an old throw rug and worked it into his fly to give it body without adding significant weight. When he is suited up for fishing, his short-billed pipefitter's cap, pulled down over the half-moon of white on his forehead, and the crisscrossing of jerry-rigged gear on his chest make him look like a paratrooper ready for a midnight drop into Normandy.

Financial planning shouldn't begin with the latest financial fad.

While other institutions are putting a lot of advertising dollars behind the new money market vehicles, we offer something much more substantial: our 120 years of investment experience.

It's the same reputation, in fact, we put behind every service we offer—from tax plans to IRA's and other retirement programs to auto and home reinsurance.

The ability to provide many financial services doesn't happen overnight. That's why you should contact your John Hancock companies representative today.

John Hancock companies

We can help you here and now. Not just hereafter.

John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston, MA 02117 and affiliated companies.

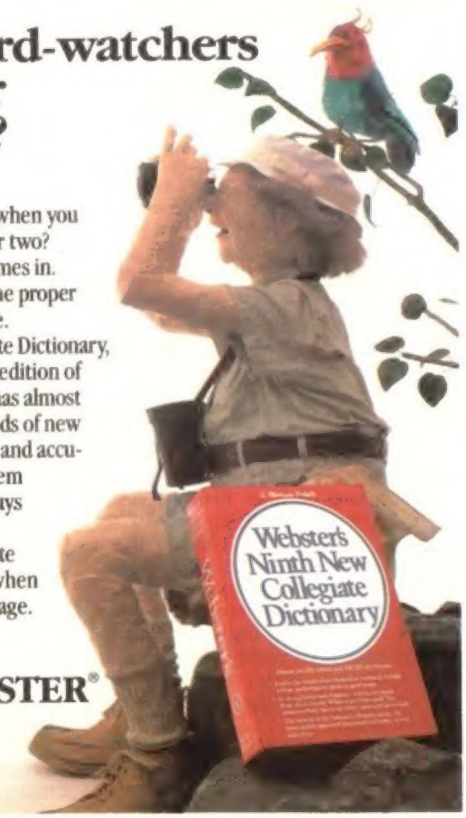
Who helps bird-watchers work on their orthography?

How can you spot a whippoorwill when you don't know whether it has one p or two? Well, that's where orthography comes in. It's the art of writing words with the proper letters according to standard usage.

Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary, just published, can help. This new edition of America's best-selling dictionary has almost 160,000 entries including thousands of new ones, all defined clearly, concisely, and accurately. And at many of those problem words, you'll find authoritative essays on contemporary usage.

Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary. It's the one to turn to when you want to know about the language.

Take our word for it.



MERRIAM-WEBSTER®
More people take our word for it.

© MERRIAM-WEBSTER 1983

American Scene

Fly-fishing is the coming together of many different disciplines: casting, reading a stream's currents and knowing fish and insect habits. Lempke's cast, perhaps, is merely functional, but, says his fishing buddy Don Laughlin of Idaho Falls: "I've seen him catch a lot of fish. He may not have the prettiest cast, but his bugs look just like what's on the water. And he runs around this stream like an elk."

The only thing that disturbs his local fishing pals is Lempke's recent habit of referring to May flies in Latin. Some years back, he decided to learn the Latin names to keep the myriad May flies straight in his head. He began reading up, and with periodic trips to his doctor in Idaho Falls, who helps him with Latin pronunciations, Lempke can now roll off the names with ease. He often prefaces a sermon at the local filling station on this or that May fly with the words, "Well, I hate to say this, but I don't believe those were *Baetis propinquas.*" Or *Ephemerella infrequens.* Or *Epeorus albertae.* But Lempke reserves his finest pronunciation and greatest admiration for *Ephemerella grandis,* a.k.a. the green drake. "They're damn pretty, for bugs," he says.

As the anointed curator of that insect and related matters, Lempke each day gives advice to fellow fishermen on everything from his wife's recipe for barbecued brook trout to the best rooster necks to use for dry-fly hackles. He serves up his opinions with conviction but also with a gentle good humor, a high threshold for fools and the open-mindedness of an expert. At 66, he says, he still has plenty to learn from the river. "There are no set rules," he says, standing in the Snake, eyes darting upstream. "These are living things. I really think fish are individuals. They have some way of communicating with each other. People want to make fly-fishing complicated. I've read books that make it seem like you've gotta be a Ph.D. to go fly-fishing. Everybody's looking for the secret. I don't think anybody will ever find it. At least, I hope they don't."

Lempke casts, and his fly lands just above the spot where a fish has left widening ripples. He picks up his line and casts again. Three times, four times. On the fifth cast, the green drake just barely nicks the surface when an olive back emerges, and with an almost imperceptible disturbance, the fly vanishes. It is a big fish. Lempke sets the hook.

Alongside the stream, the neon lights of the handful of motels and restaurants wink on. A heavy truck, loaded with cut pine, rumbles past on U.S. 20. Off to the west, Bishop Peak turns indigo. As the darkness unfurls, Lempke stands in a spot he has stood in a hundred times before, watching his fish move downstream. He pauses for a moment, then, feeling the pressure on the line, moves downstream. "Look at the son of a gun go," he says to no one in particular, and pulls his hat closer to his skull. —*By Russell Leavitt*

Taste From The Moment You Light Up.

You taste it on your first draw. And with every puff you take. Extra taste.

That's what you get with MERIT. The cigarette that delivers the taste of leading brands having up to twice the tar. There's nothing halfway about it. And you can taste it.

Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '83

Why is this man smiling? A remark that Reagan thought a bit of lighthearted musing was not amusing to others

Nation

TIME/AUGUST 15, 1983

Trying to Make Amends

Reagan extends a clumsy hand to women, blacks and the poor

To the strains of a John Philip Sousa march, Ronald Reagan jauntily mounted the podium in the Sheraton Washington hotel to say he was sorry. His audience, members of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, had been scheduled to take a VIP tour of the White House the day before. But due to a snafu in scheduling, the East Room was already occupied (ironically enough, by a conference on government efficiency), and the group was turned away. Fully aware that his relatively low popularity among women could cost him in 1984, the President tried to defuse the situation with a bit of humor. Said he: "I happen to be one who believes that if it wasn't for women, us men would still be walking around in skin suits carrying clubs."

Thud. The 1,200 women greeted the remark with stony silence and a few muffled moans. "What did he really mean?" Polly Madenwald, the organization's U.S. president, whispered to the woman sitting next to her. The cave man reference, they concluded, reflected a Neanderthal outlook. "To me he seemed to be saying that the only reason we're here is to create families," said Madenwald, a Republican from Hillsboro, Ore. "It was patronizing and didn't address who we are. He was talking to a group of businesswomen from around the world."

Many of the women in the audience, of course, genuinely appreciated Reagan's visit, and they warmly applauded his promise to "do penance" by carefully reading a new study on discriminatory laws and regulations. "Contrary to news reports, we do not feel you faced a hostile audience," wired Maxine Hays, the organization's international president. But the gaffe, while far from egregious, was a telling illustration of the difficulties Reagan faces as he struggles to dispel the impression that he is a rich man's President who is insensitive to poor people, women and minorities. That was, in fact, precisely the effort that Reagan was making last week. He traveled to Atlanta to stress his commitment to civil rights and women's concerns before a convention of the American Bar Association, announced that a task force would study the problem of hunger in America, and increased the Government's distribution of surplus cheese and other foods to the needy.

The fairness and compassion issue is going to be a prime political problem for the President. Although his advisers concede that he has little hope of winning significant support among blacks, the poor, and women activists, they hope that Reagan can at least reassure moderate women, middle-class whites and others concerned about civil rights and social justice. But Reagan's handling of the issues last week was often clumsy, and did little to mollify his critics. As one of his top aides lamented, "We took two steps forward and three steps backward."

"We are committed to eliminating all traces of discrimination in the law against women," Reagan told some 4,000 members of the bar association. He then ticked off his Administration's accomplishments in the area: reducing the income tax penalty for married couples, increasing child care tax credits for working mothers, eliminating the estate tax for surviving spouses, authorizing larger I.R.A. contributions for working women. In addition, Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver has been regularly meeting with Republican Con-

gresswomen. Last Wednesday, the White House agreed to support key changes in pension rules that will make it easier for women, who often leave and re-enter the job market while raising families, to protect their benefits. One of the participants, Claudine Schneider of Rhode Island, said she was "excited" by the progress. But she was upset about a leaked legal brief in which the Justice Department contends that a small Pennsylvania college should be allowed to receive federal student aid funds even though some of its programs discriminate against women. "I feel like I'm running a ten-mile race and somebody moved the finish line," she said.

Some White House aides are beginning to believe that the problem with women is perhaps not as bad as it seems. While Reagan's support among women is 10% to 12% less than it is among men, about half of this "gender gap" is due to Reagan's disproportionate popularity with men, according to new White House surveys. Aides assume that 2% of the gap stems from higher Democratic registration among women, leaving only 3% or 4% that can be identified as women specifically dissatisfied with Reagan. Worries one woman staffer in the White House: "All they need to see is that it is less of a political problem and back it goes to the back burner."

In his speech before the bar association, Reagan also tried to improve his image among blacks. He labeled as "hogwash" the charge that he is tampering with the traditional independence of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights by attempting to replace three liberal members with his own appointees. He took credit for proposing amendments to strengthen the Fair Housing Act and for signing in June 1982 the longest extension ever of the Voting Rights Act. "That's the height of fraud," snapped Joaquin Avila of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund. "His Administration was at the forefront of seeking to dilute the Voting Rights Act." Critics also noted that Reagan did not mention his lackluster record in naming blacks to positions of responsibility in his Administration.

TERRY ASHE

Block: playing poor

Even in attempting to address the hunger problem, Reagan ran into criticism. In a memo to Counsellor Edwin Meese, he noted that he was "perplexed" by accounts that people in the country were going hungry and asked for a "task force to bring me a no-holds-barred study" of the problem. Meese commented sanguinely: "It may turn out to be all a figment of TV's imagination." The panel is expected to be chaired by the dean of U.C.L.A.'s Graduate School of Management, J. Clayburn La Force. Complained Martha Ballou, who coordinated Minnesota's Task Force on Emergency Food and Shelter: "I don't know why the Reagan Administration is so perplexed about the extent of hunger when they have created most of it themselves with the cutbacks in the food-stamp program."

Secretary of Agriculture John Block sought to defend the current level of food stamp funding by showing that a family of four could subsist on a $58 allowance for a week. Surrounded by a flock of aides and reporters, he and his wife pushed a cart through their local supermarket picking up provisions recommended by nutritional experts. The millionaire farmer reported that there were only a few minor hitches in living on this allotment for a week: "The family crisis was when the dog ate the biscuits. But that could happen to any family, rich or poor." Critics countered that tighter eligibility rules instituted by Block mean that the average family of four on food stamps receives only $39 a week, rather than the maximum figure used by Block. The Administration has proposed cutting the funding even more for fiscal 1984. While Block was playing poor, a demonstration that seemed more patronizing than constructive, the House approved 408 to 15 a resolution recommending against any further cuts in food stamp or nutrition programs for at least a year.

Reagan also tried to make the most of symbolic gestures. With great public flourishes he issued proclamations declaring Aug. 26 as Women's Equality Day and the month of August as National Child Support Enforcement Month. Stressing an issue that has been of concern to women's groups, he said, "It's a shocking fact that over half of all women who receive child support orders receive less than what they're due." Faced with inevitable congressional passage of a bill to make Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday, Reagan swallowed his longstanding objections that this would open the door to many other groups seeking similar holidays and decided that he would support the measure.

One substantive step the Administration took last week was to increase the amount of surplus foods that will be distributed free from the Government's stockpiles. The program to give away cheese had been cut back from a peak of 60 million tons per month to about 30 million tons because of pressure from manufacturers who said it was hurting sales. The amount will now rise to 40 million tons. More butter, powdered milk, corn meal and honey will also be released from federal storage. In addition, the White House is withdrawing its opposition to a bill to provide $50 million next year to help states distribute the food.

The Administration also made an effort to protect the voting rights of blacks last week. It sent 322 federal observers and 16 lawyers to Mississippi to oversee primary elections there. Jesse Jackson, the civil rights leader from Chicago who is considering a race for the presidency, earlier had helped lead a registration drive in that state and had persuaded Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds to go see for himself the need for more vigorous enforcement of the voting rights laws.

Although Reagan is trying to deal with the political ramifications of the fairness issue, critics feel he has not yet shown a true sensitivity to the needs of minorities and women. "While the President's words are soft as a lamb, his programs bite like a wolf," says Joseph Lowery, head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. And a woman in the Administration says, "The President's generation just doesn't understand working women. The men in the White House still think that the appointment of Sandra Day O'Connor to the Supreme Court solves all the women's problems." The larger challenge, which the White House is only beginning to grasp, is the need to ensure that all citizens are full partners in the society. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Anne Constable/Washington*

Going Back to Work

The jobless rate takes its biggest plunge in 24 years

"Great news!" crowed Ronald Reagan. "Spectacular . . . far greater than almost all previous forecasts," exulted his chief economic adviser, Martin Feldstein. Even Democratic presidential Front Runner Walter Mondale had to concede, "I am pleased, as are all Americans—but . . ."

The figures that prompted these effusions were indeed startlingly cheerful. After six months of disappointingly slow declines from its 42-year peak of 10.8% set last December, the U.S. unemployment rate suddenly plummeted in July. It fell to 9.5% of all those looking for work (not counting members of the armed forces), from an even 10% in June. Not since December 1959, almost a quarter-century earlier, had the rate dropped so much in a single month.

Moreover, as Reagan pointed out during a White House lunch with Hispanic leaders, joblessness "went down in every category, every group you could name." In fact, those people who had experienced the greatest difficulty finding jobs made some of the most striking gains. Feldstein noted that "the number of people out of work for 27 weeks or longer fell by 360,000, or more than 10%." A Labor Department statement added, "This was the first real decline in this very long-term jobless category in two years."

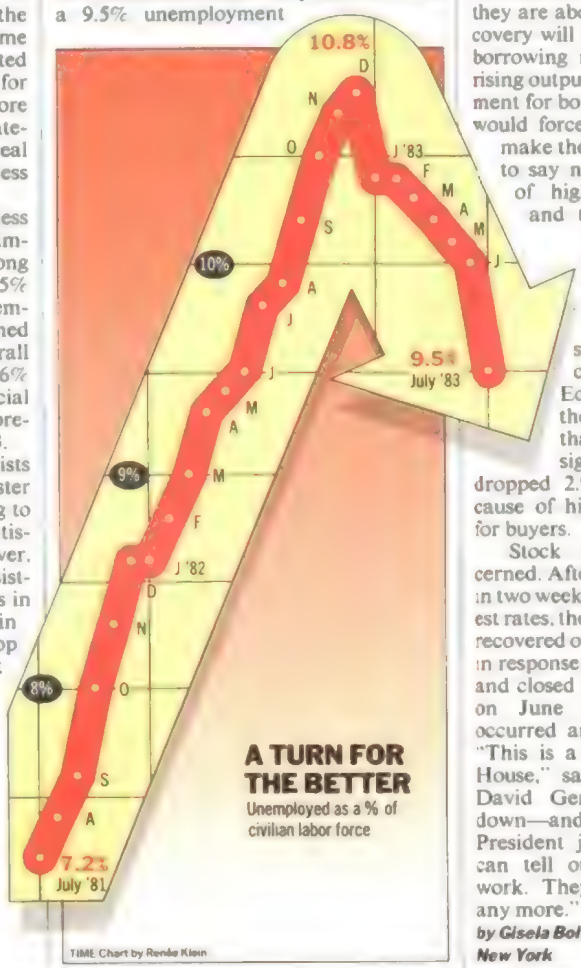
Though still distressingly high, jobless rates for minority groups dropped impressively, from 14% to 12.3% among Hispanics, and from 20.6% to 19.5% among blacks. Even the teen-age unemployment rate, the highest of all, declined from 23.6% to 22.8%. As for the overall total, it is already slightly below the 9.6% average that the Administration's official forecast, prepared by Feldstein, had predicted for the last three months of 1983.

What happened? Some economists suspect a statistical fluke. Says Lester Thurow of M.I.T.: "The drop is too big to be believable." Labor Department statisticians who prepared the report, however, think that if there was an error, it consisted of counting in July some reductions in unemployment that actually occurred in June—which would mean that the drop was less abrupt than it appears, but nonetheless real.

The prevailing opinion among economists is simply that the recovery from last year's recession has finally reached the point at which employers need more hired hands to maintain rising output. Says Richard Peterson, senior vice president of Continental Illinois National Bank in Chicago: "Businesses found themselves having to call workers back into the plant sooner than they thought they would to build up inventories depleted by fantastic sales." In the opinion of Bent Hansen, chairman of the economics department at the University of California's Berkeley campus, employment is belatedly catching up to increases in production that were registered in March and April.

If that interpretation is correct, it would point to further reductions in unemployment at least in the short term, because the recovery seems to be putting on new muscle almost daily. A sampling from last week's news reports: factory orders in June rose 3.9%, the largest one-month increase in three years; retail-store chains in July posted heartening sales increases over a year earlier (9.8% for Sears, 11.8% for K Mart); the Big Three automakers boosted sales in the last ten days of July by 37.1% over the depressed figures of 1982.

Further reductions in joblessness are most certainly needed if the economy is to repair the ravages of last year's recession. As Democrats rushed to point out, even a 9.5% unemployment rate is higher than any that the U.S. suffered between 1941 and 1982. Partly because of high unemployment, the Census Bureau reported last week, the number of Americans living in poverty (now officially defined as an annual cash income of $9,862 or less for a family of four) rose last year to 34.4 million, or 15% of the total U.S. population. That was a full percentage point more than in 1981, and the highest level since 1965, shortly after President Johnson launched his War on Poverty.



The biggest fear is that gargantuan budget deficits will put an end to the upswing after only a further modest drop in unemployment. Says Mondale: "I am deeply worried that the current economic recovery cannot be sustained" in an era of "outsized deficits." Such misgivings are by no means confined to Democrats. Murray Weidenbaum, Feldstein's predecessor as Reagan's chief economic adviser, voices "latent concern" that because of deficits "inflation will hover in the background and future increases in employment will not be significant."

Relatively nonpartisan economists are less concerned about inflation than they are about the threat that a rapid recovery will cause a collision between the borrowing needs of business to finance rising output and the demands of Government for borrowing to cover deficits. This would force up interest rates enough to make the U.S. recovery self-destruct—to say nothing of the baneful effects of high American interest rates, and the concomitant strength of the U.S. dollar, on foreign economies (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS). The speed of the recovery indicated by the latest unemployment figures, says Lawrence Chimerine, chief economist of Chase Econometrics, "puts pressure on the financial markets earlier than expected." One early sign of trouble: new-home sales dropped 2.9% in June, apparently because of higher mortgage interest costs for buyers.

Stock traders obviously are concerned. After going down nearly 50 points in two weeks because of worry about interest rates, the Dow Jones industrial average recovered only a fraction of a point Friday in response to the drop in unemployment, and closed at 1,183. Its 1983 high: 1,248, on June 16. No fretting, however, occurred among Reagan and his aides. "This is a red-letter day in the White House," said Communications Director David Gergen. "Unemployment went down—and Congress is going home." The President joked: "There's one way we can tell our program is beginning to work. They don't call it Reaganomics any more." —***By George J. Church. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Marcia Gauger/New York***

Grumbling About Deficits

The Governors Cry Uncle

The lobster and steamers were tasty, and the ban on alcohol at Fort Williams Park was relaxed so the nation's Governors could enjoy beer and wine. Still, there was a bigger reason for the rare harmony that pervaded the National Governors Conference in Portland, Me., last week. Democrat and Republican alike, most of the state executives are being forced to raise state taxes and cut services, partly because Congress and the Reagan Administration refuse to do the same thing at the federal level, and that is not their preferred mode of governing.

Though an election year is imminent and the Democrats hold a 34 to 16 dominance in the state houses, the Governors avoided issuing anti-Reaganomics broadsides during the 2½-day meeting. But Republicans as well as Democrats did criticize the huge federal deficits and worried over their likely impact on interest rates and on the economic recovery. These concerns were hardly assuaged by two of the conference's major guest speakers, Vice President George Bush and former Reagan Economics Adviser Alan Greenspan, who diametrically disagreed

Bush left his audience cold with his insistence that the Administration must not raise taxes or it will risk stifling the recovery. At their last meeting in March, the Governors had urged tax hikes and smaller increases in military spending on the Administration. Bush argued optimistically that "a surging economic recovery is on the way." By contrast, Greenspan warned the Governors that unless the deficit problem is faced, the pressure of rising interest rates will begin to slow the recovery next year "in a rather dramatic way." Greenspan called for a bipartisan summit meeting to seek solutions and share the political heat.

Like many Governors, Illinois Republican James Thompson clearly agreed with Greenspan rather than Bush. "I don't believe the Administration can avoid the deficit problem for another 18 months," said Thompson, who became the new chairman of the association at the meeting. "If we continue to borrow from the future to pay for the present, we risk destroying the present." Utah's Democratic Governor Scott Matheson, the outgoing chairman, declared, "If we're not willing to face up to more taxes—and make the decision soon—we can kiss the recovery goodbye." Massachusetts Democrat Michael Dukakis observed that Bush and Greenspan did not seem to be living "in the same economic world." Eleven Democratic Governors signed a letter to the Vice President that complained, "We are weary of self-serving statements calling for reduced spending and taxes without public-serving statements of how to accomplish such things."

The combination of the recent recession, cutbacks in federal grants to the states and the balanced-budget requirement in nearly all state constitutions has forced many Governors to take politically difficult belt-tightening steps. In the past 18 months, 32 states both increased taxes and cut spending. In 1983 thus far, 27 states have approved across-the-board budget cuts (up from 17). Hiring limits have been imposed by 42 states, government workers laid off by 22. Between January 1981 and March 1983, eleven states increased their income taxes: 19 their general sales taxes: 18 their alcohol tax (Utah raised its levy three times in 26 months); 14 their cigarette tax. Increases in gasoline and motor-fuel taxes occurred in 31 states Both higher income taxes and sales taxes were passed by Indiana, Mississippi, Minnesota, New Jersey and Nebraska

The Governors fear that more such drastic remedies may lie ahead, with unknown consequences for their political futures. Lamented Tennessee Republican Lamar Alexander: "It doesn't matter if you're Republican or Democrat, the deficit is too large." ■

Democratic Governors Michael Dukakis and Jay Rockefeller huddling in Maine

Tough Talk from Dole

"The time is fast approaching when we will have to decide whether this Congress is a serious deliberative body or not. [The budget deficit] ought to be at the heart of our legislative agenda. Instead it is a sort of a sideshow . . . It seems we are drifting into an aimless stupor."

Harsh words even for sarcastic Robert Dole, perhaps; but the Senate Finance Committee chairman had special reason for annoyance. He had risked the wrath of farmers in his home state of Kansas to sponsor a bill freezing agricultural "target prices," only to see it shunted aside by a filibuster as Congress prepared for its August recess. To Dole that seemed all too symbolic of a refusal by both Congress and the White House to face the danger that $200 billion deficits will lead to an increase in interest rates that could kill off the economic recovery. Dole took the Senate floor to deliver what amounted to a wake-up call for action when Congress reconvenes after Labor Day. "We will have to raise taxes," said Dole bluntly. "But we will have to cut spending first."

The sarcastic Kansan

The Senator called for "an exercise in domestic summitry": meetings between Ronald Reagan and congressional leaders, and eventually "all decision makers in our economy, including business and labor" to work out tax boosts and spending cuts. Similar ideas have been voiced by House Budget Committee Chairman James Jones and Economist Alan Greenspan. But the White House is opposed. Says White House Communications Director David Gergen: Congress "would use it just to beat the President over the head."

Culture Clash

Inspiring anger, not peace

The professed purpose of the 600 women who began camping out on a 52-acre farm in the Finger Lakes region of New York State on July 4 was to protest the storage of nuclear weapons at the nearby Seneca Army Depot. Calling themselves the Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice, the women, mostly white, well educated and feminist, sought to pattern their demonstration after the Women's Peace Camp protest at England's Greenham Common, a projected site for U.S. cruise missiles. There, several thousand women have assembled, on and off, since September 1981. But by last week the Seneca protest had mainly managed to provoke an angry clash of cultures in a conservative rural community.

Purchasing a rundown farm as their live-in headquarters, the women, representing about 20 organizations, including the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and Boston's Women Against Militarism, banned men from entering their camp and hung out decorated pillowcases on which political slogans were scrawled (I DREAM OF A UNITED SISTERHOOD). Some walked arm in arm around the camp, occasionally embracing.

When about 150 of the women started a 15-mile march from Seneca Falls to their camp near Romulus, 300 residents of the nearby village of Waterloo (pop. 598) blocked their path. One man brandished a shotgun and was arrested. The women sat quietly on the street; 52 were arrested for disorderly conduct. Many were detained for five days in a school before charges of disorderly conduct were dropped. When nearly 1,700 protesters approached the depot two days later, residents shouted, "Commies, go home!" and waved American flags. After local and state police permitted 244 of the women to climb over a 6-ft.-high fence, military police were waiting to catch them.

Seneca sign

Matters might have got out of hand, except for the civilian and military police, who were deployed in force. "One way or another, we're going to get the freaks out," threatened Wayne Morrison, a printer from Romulus (pop. 2,600). Contended Millie Todd, who runs a beauty parlor in Romulus: "They're lesbians. They don't salute the flag. They have set back what women have fought for, for a good 50 to 100 years." Said Tom Seiling, a local carpenter sympathetic to the protest's cause: "You come here and act like 'We're enlightened and you're jerks,' and things are bound to happen." ■

The Presidency / Hugh Sidey

Old Cal Makes a Comeback

The first annual President Calvin Coolidge Week is now a warm glow both in Northampton, Mass., where Coolidge lived before and after his presidency, and in the White House, whose current occupant is his most powerful admirer.

It has been 60 years since Coolidge became President at the death of Warren Harding, 56 years since he issued one of the most famous and briefest political statements in history—"I do not choose to run"—and 50 years since his death. If the celebration works out as planned, Coolidge Week will end on Sunday when John Coolidge, 76, the President's only living son, will drive down from Plymouth Notch, Vt., the family's old home town in the Green Mountains, to Northampton. On the courthouse lawn there, John Coolidge will unveil a new gray granite bust of his father, the tardy fulfillment of a memorial first promised in 1934. The sculptor is Frank Gaylord II of Barre, Vt., whose pantheon includes William Penn, John Kennedy, Arthur Fiedler and Martin Luther King.

The script also called for Congressman Silvio Conte to get a phone call from Ronald Reagan, the admirer who had a portrait of the parsimonious Coolidge moved into the Cabinet Room 2½ years ago. The chat between John Coolidge and Reagan will be beamed out over the lawn. John thought he might tell the story of his father's taking his two boys to stand in front of a bank. "See if you can hear anything," Coolidge admonished. They could not and so reported. "I thought if you listened carefully you might hear your money working for you," the elder Calvin explained to his sons.

CULVER
The man who chose not to run again, on a farm in Vermont

The stories told about Coolidge last week were tinged with true affection, something the larger view of history often denies the 30th President. Richard Garvey, now editor of the Springfield *Daily News* and once a small boy in Coolidge's Northampton neighborhood, recalled being instructed by his parents never to jaywalk and then seeing President Coolidge do that very thing. To young Garvey, it was as if one man had the power to defy the gods. He has studied Coolidge ever since. Last week Garvey published the story of how Coolidge, while living in the New Willard Hotel waiting for Mrs. Harding to leave the White House, woke up and found a cat burglar rifling his clothes. Coolidge talked the young man out of the crime, lent him $32 for a meal and transportation home, and sneaked him out the window so the Secret Service would not nab him.

Lawrence Wikander, a retired librarian of Williams College, fascinated an audience with comparisons between Reagan and Coolidge. Both had trouble with Nicaragua (Coolidge sent Marines to keep the peace in 1926 at the request of the Nicaraguan President); both were harder workers than is commonly believed; Reagan was an instant Eureka College campus leader while Coolidge bloomed late at Amherst. Even Amherst's crusty historian, Henry Steele Commager, an ardent fan of F.D.R.'s, had a kind word: "Coolidge's virtues were chiefly negative ones, but then, negative virtues are always preferable to positive vices."

Northampton rededicated Coolidge Memorial Bridge and the Coolidge Room in the public library. There was a parade, an antique fire-equipment demonstration, a Roaring Twenties dance, an ice-cream social, a fishing derby, and an "I do not choose to run" foot race.

There was one serious hitch in the celebration. On an afternoon outing on the Connecticut River, Northampton holidayers, including Mayor David Musante, were listening to Coolidge readings when Massachusetts state police boarded the charter boat and ordered it back to shore for allegedly not having a license to sell liquor or operate as an excursion boat. So far no charges have been filed, but some 80 gallons of spirits were confiscated. When Editor Garvey heard about the incident, he was amused. Coolidge loved a wry twist, explained Garvey, so perchance Cal was back in town for the good times and friendly words.

Street Sentence

Vigilante justice in Buffalo

The Fourth of July festivities had barely subsided in Town Garden Apartments, a housing project in Buffalo's low-income black section of the inner city, when Cecelia Williams, her two children tucked in bed, decided to visit her sister elsewhere in the complex. While she was away, a man in blue jogging shorts and a T shirt broke a window, climbed into the sparsely furnished home, and carried off Williams' ten-year-old daughter Andrea. Hours later, as police combed the area, Williams' husband Willie and a restive throng of worried neighbors crowded into the small apartment to speculate on the girl's whereabouts. A local television camera crew covering the abduction shot heart-tugging footage of the angry, grieving parents.

Williams: God on his side

Suddenly, just after 1 p.m., Andrea, crying and covered only with a pillowcase wrapped around her hips, rushed up to the apartment door. She haltingly told of a man named Charlie, with a head of wild, tangled hair, who had twice sodomized her. Several men in the group, including Williams, instantly reacted to the description and headed off to another apartment in the project.

Five minutes later, the TV crew caught up with the men on a lawn in the complex. The cameras recorded Willie Williams, 35, as he apparently stabbed the suspect, Charles Dean, 32, several times with a long knife. The other men kicked and punched Dean. "They got him and they got him good," said Cecelia Williams just after Dean, bleeding badly, was hauled away by police who had rushed to the scene.

The demonstration of vigilante justice, in a widely televised version on Buffalo stations, evoked praise and sympathy from city officials to the man on the street, as well as controversy. "He should have kept on stabbing," said a bartender in downtown Buffalo. "He did what any father would have done, and he shouldn't be charged." Williams, a truck driver and avowed street minister, was arrested for first-degree assault. He spent one night in jail; a sympathetic judge freed him the next day on an unsecured $10,000 bond. "Cop after cop came up to him in the cell and congratulated him," said Paul J. Cambria, a prominent Buffalo attorney who is defending Williams. Said Buffalo Mayor James Griffin: "Dean should be thrown in jail, and if a judge lets him out he should be run out of town along with the judge who released him."

Area residents have started a trust fund for Andrea and a legal-defense fund for Williams. Contributions in $5 and $10 amounts arrive daily. "We've gotten phone calls from Iowa, Utah, Florida, Delaware, you name it," says David Collins, a city councilman who has led the defense-fund drive. "Last week a white man stopped his car in traffic and jumped out to say how much he was behind our efforts to help Willie and his little girl."

"They got him good": a member of the angry mob pummels Dean

Much of the sympathy for Williams stems from dissatisfaction with the courts and the police. Dean is a twice-convicted felon with a total of 28 arrests since 1970, some for robbery and rape. A month before the Williams incident, he had been set free on $2,500 bail (actual cost to Dean: $250) facing charges of sodomy and sexual abuse of his girlfriend's 15-year-old sister. Some black residents argue that the inability of the city's predominantly white police force to cope with crime in their areas also lies behind rage like Williams'. "You dial 911 and half the time the car won't come," says Councilman Collins. "I'm not indicting the police—there are just too many criminals, too much crime."

But sanctioning street justice strikes many in Buffalo as a scary proposition. "That kind of anarchy is no good for anyone, especially minorities," contends City Court Judge Wilbur P. Trammell, a black. Says Erie County District Attorney Richard J. Arcara, who is responsible for prosecuting Williams: "If you allow people to put themselves above the law, where do you draw the line?"

Suspect Dean, who maintains his innocence, is currently being held in isolation on $250,000 bail. He faces life imprisonment if convicted on charges of kidnaping, burglary and sodomy. Meanwhile, a grand jury is looking at the evidence against Williams. A soft-spoken, Bible-quoting man with a tenth-grade education, Williams is confident he will be vindicated. Said he: "God is on my side, and God looks out for his people." ■

Spaced Out

No parking, but all choked up

For proper Bostonians, finding a legal parking space in the traffic-choked downtown area is no tea party these days. Until two years ago, resourceful motorists could take an illegal spot with little fear of reprisal: the parking-ticket collection rate was a low 15%. And practically any Bostonian could get a ticket fixed. "In a way it was a very democratic system," explains City Traffic and Parking Commissioner John Vitagliano. "Anybody who actually paid their tickets back then was obviously from the boondocks. The whole thing was a joke."

No longer. A 1981 state law transferred to cities and towns direct authority over collecting fines for parking violations. With that, Boston computerized its collection operation, bought 10,000 parking meters, hired 95 traffic officers and began using a wheel-locking device known as the Denver boot to immobilize cars with five or more unpaid tickets. In the past fiscal year, Boston took in $22 million in fines and $4 million in meter revenue, quadrupling the take before 1981. The ticket collection rate soared to 70%. "If we hadn't taken these steps," says Vitagliano, "we could have a gridlock so bad that the only solution would have been to pave over the cars and start again."

The crackdown drove some Bostonians to extralegal tactics. After being booted three times, one frustrated motorist tried to avoid prosecution for illegal parking by unscrewing out-of-state plates from neighboring cars and placing them over his incriminating Massachusetts ones. "It was simply impossible to find a legal space," he explains. Even the well-connected began looking for shortcuts. The Boston *Globe* revealed last month that Deputy Mayor Lowell Richards III had dismissed $1,080 in parking tickets for three children of Thomas McGee, the speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives.

In the past, Bostonians probably would not have blinked at such favoritism. Not in these tight-space times. Some ticket-weary citizens reportedly spat on Richards and deluged him with irate letters. Lameduck Mayor Kevin White was lambasted when he declared that he saw nothing wrong with providing "preferential treatment" to powerful political figures who help Boston. Said White: "I do favors if I think it's in the best interests of the city." Said Tony Cennamo, a WBUR-FM radio station announcer: "When I read about the ticket-fixing, I got damned crazy, almost violent. I wanted to go to Mayor White and shake him." To help douse the fury, one of the errant McGees, Colleen, 24, paid the full amount of the fines. But the space race remains. Suggests Commissioner Vitagliano jokingly: "Maybe someone will invent an inflatable car that you could drive into the city in the morning, deflate, then fold up and put in your wallet." ■

Working Hard for the Last Laugh

In Washington, humor has become serious business

Ronald Reagan trotted into a sticky situation and made it worse last week when he ad-libbed his quasi-joke about cavemen during a speech to the International Federation of Business and Professional Women. It was an unusual kind of slip-up for Reagan, who uses jokes more often and more successfully than any other President since John Kennedy. He is so adept, in fact, that his Democratic challengers are busy sharpening their own jokes on the hustings. Political humor is no longer a laughing matter.

Why is it now that if you are running for the most powerful job in the world, you must first prove that you can tell a joke? "All candidates look like good guys if they kid around a bit," says Columnist Art

Shtik for a Senator: Columnist Art Buchwald

When voters crack up, it's "very heady."

Buchwald. Robert Orben, a political gagwriter in Washington, says a sense of humor "is one of the attributes a candidate must have. The good will engendered by humor goes a long way in covering his gaffes." And so Senator John Glenn pokes fun at his lack of pizazz: "Let me say that I am not dull." One, two, three. "*Boring* maybe, but not dull."

Determined exploitation of humor by politicians probably started after Adlai Stevenson and then John Kennedy used quips to charm the press and public. "In America," said Stevenson, who lost the presidency twice, "any boy may become President, and I suppose that's just the risk he takes." During the 1960 campaign, Kennedy used a joke to defuse criticism that he was a spoiled rich man's son. His father, Kennedy said, had sent him a telegram: "Don't buy one vote more than necessary. I'll be damned if I'll pay for a landslide."

Television has made campaign humor essential, since snappy one-liners help win precious time on the evening news. "Humor works," says Columnist Mark Shields, who sometimes gives jokes to Democrats. "It says, 'I'm not pompous. I'm not pretentious. I'm one of you.' "

Many politicians are natural performers (Glenn is a notable exception), as hungry for audience approval as any Las Vegas comic. "It's a very heady experience when you get people to laugh," says Buchwald. Reagan, of course, spent most of his life performing. There is a humor specialist among the six White House speechwriters, but Reagan is apt to crack his own jokes spontaneously, as he did with mixed success last week.

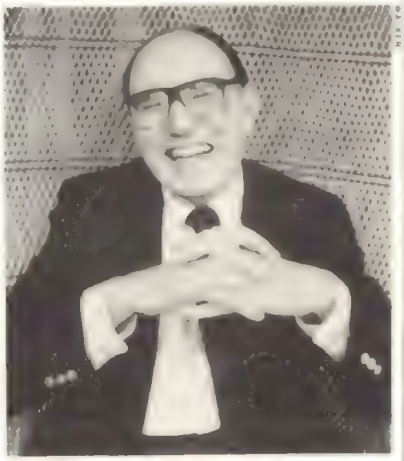
"Before an appearance," says Landon Parvin, the President's top jokewriter, "we'll put together three to six pages of one-liners. We rely mostly on self-deprecatory humor." Reagan and his writers rely especially on jokes about his age, a potentially serious liability. Speaking to the Washington Press Club, Reagan mentioned its founding in 1919, and added, "It seems like only yesterday." Last week in a speech in Atlanta, there he went again: "I share with you the honor of this special occasion, the 105th annual meeting of the great American Bar Association." A presidential pause. "It isn't true that I attended the first meeting."

Outside the Oval Office, the funniest Republicans are in the Senate. Robert Dole of Kansas ("I don't want to say Howard Baker is short, but last week I saw him playing handball against the curb") and Wyoming's Alan Simpson. Among the Democratic presidential contenders, South Carolina's Fritz Hollings is considered the wittiest.

The others need all the help they can get. At last spring's annual Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, Glenn was one of the main speakers, and he surely would have bombed if not for the work of a volunteer humor commando team: Buchwald, Shields, veteran Democratic Political Manager Frank Mankiewicz and CBS News Consultant Richard Drayne. Glenn was a hit. He pretended to praise Walter Mondale for not being "afraid to be sharply critical of the President's policies. Fortunately," Glenn added, "President Carter hasn't taken it personally."

In June, before Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy emceed a fund-raising "roast" of Arizona Congressman Morris Udall—who is renowned as a Washington wit—Kennedy's press secretary, Robert Shrum, asked Drayne and Mankiewicz for some gags. They helped Kennedy steal the show from the five Democratic hopefuls on the dais. Kennedy poked fun at Hollings' heavy Southern accent ("the only non-English-speaking candidate ever to run for President"). And he flicked a good jab at the easiest mark in town, urging that Interior Secretary James Watt be thrown to the wolves "while there are still some wolves left."

Most politicians' humor, however, tends to be safe rather than biting. Dole's thrust-and-cut jokes in 1976, when he was the G.O.P. vice-presidential nominee, were said to have alienated voters. Several realms are off-limits: ethnic and racial jokes, anything remotely smutty. While Reagan can repeat punch lines about his age, it would be unseemly for a Democrat to joke about the President's advanced years. Topicality is crucial. For instance, Hollings' allusion to Carter's seven-year-old, lust-in-my-heart *Playboy* interview (Hollings: "I'm lusting for the nomination") does not quite work. "There are no eternal political jokes," says Mankiewicz. He crafted one of the more enduring, however, in 1968 for Robert Kennedy: "I'm not really interested in the presidency, and neither is my wife Ethel-Bird."



Dreaming up jokes for the pols: Robert Orben

A politician's quips help "cover his gaffes."

A few outsiders contribute jokes—the White House solicits from Bob Hope's stable, and *Tonight Show* Writer Ray Siller feeds gags to Vice President George Bush—but inoffensive insiders seem to have the real knack. "Some Hollywood gagwriters are good with political humor," says Shrum, "but most are not. The people here know the limits."

A few of the court jesters believe jokes are being overused. "I think it's a mistake for [Reagan] to use humor as much as he does," says Orben, who worked full time for Gerald Ford. "Humor is great, but people now want solutions." Yet they also like to laugh. "Whatever else an American believes or disbelieves about himself," E.B. White wrote, "he is absolutely sure he has a sense of humor." So why shouldn't the Commander in Chief have one too? Says Drayne: "Presidents without a sense of humor make me nervous." —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington*

*$10,800. Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep extra.

Introducing the Wolfsburg Limited Edition Scirocco. For people who are hungry for power.

In Germany, where sophisticated high performance autos cavort on autobahns without speed limits, there is a new challenger.

As drivers are passed by what at first seems like an apparition they mutter "ausgezeichnet!"

Which car is becoming the envy of the German motoring cognoscenti?

A Volkswagen Scirocco!

And now there is a new limited edition Scirocco in America.

It has a new 1.8-liter engine, a new close ratio five-speed transmission, and ventilated front disc brakes.

Its suspension is so sophisticated that it's faster than a Ferrari through the slalom.

Still, with all its sophistication and speed this Wolfsburg Limited Edition Scirocco is the lowest priced German sports car you can buy.

Ausgezeichnet?

Ausgezeichnet, yes indeed!

Seatbelts save lives.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen

A symbol of U.S. concern about Soviet involvement in the hemisphere: a Soviet ship passes through the Panama Canal

JENKINS—PHOTOREPORTERS

CENTRAL AMERICA

"Things Are Moving"

As the U.S. flexes its muscles, Reagan's envoy meets a Salvadoran rebel

Addressing the Senate Foreign Relations Committee late last week, Secretary of State George Shultz sought to allay congressional fears that the Reagan Administration was recklessly risking war by scheduling large-scale military maneuvers in Central America. If U.S. forces are attacked at any time during the six-month-long maneuvers, Shultz declared, "our forces will defend themselves but they will withdraw." He added, "We have no intent to engage anyone actively."

Moreover, Shultz insisted, the Administration's muscle flexing was beginning to pay off. Until recently, said the Secretary, there had been "no incentive" for the Sandinistas, the Salvadoran guerrillas, the Cubans or the Soviets to believe that "anything credible" stood in the way of the "imposition of Communist rule by armed force in El Salvador and the rest of Central America." Now, said Shultz, these countries could clearly see that "a victory by the far left through force is not in the cards."

That the Administration meant business had been demonstrated a few days earlier by an incident at sea 50 miles off the Pacific coast of Nicaragua. A U.S. guided-missile destroyer, the *Lynde McCormick*, drew to within a mile of the *Aleksandr Ulyanov*, a Soviet cargo ship bound for Nicaragua. Four days earlier, President Reagan had said at a press conference that the freighter was carrying helicopters to the Sandinistas. Over his ship's radio, the captain of the U.S. destroyer contacted the Soviet skipper and asked him what his cargo was and where he was headed. The Russian replied that he was taking trucks and other merchandise to the Nicaraguan port of Corinto.

That ended the encounter, which the Pentagon later described as "routine." But the destroyer continued to follow the freighter to the limit of Nicaragua's territorial waters, twelve miles from the coast.

Even as the Administration proceeded with plans for the military exercises, which will involve 19 naval vessels and as many as 5,000 U.S. servicemen at sea and in Honduras, it was displaying increasingly overt interest in finding a diplomatic solution to the Central American dilemma. Last week, after elaborate planning, U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone met secretly with Rubén Zamora, 40, a leader of the Democratic Revolutionary Front, which represents the five guerrilla organizations that are fighting under a joint banner in El Salvador. In the past, the U.S. had refused to deal directly with the Salvadoran guerrillas, arguing that to do so would undermine the legitimacy of the U.S.-supported government in El Salvador.

Stone on his arrival in Nicaragua

REUTERS—BETTMANN

Stone tried but failed to meet with Salvadoran rebels in Costa Rica last month. This time the successful go-between was Colombian President Belisario Betancur Cuartas. The setting was the austerely modern living room of the presidential palace in Bogotá. Betancur first greeted Stone, then introduced him to Zamora and withdrew from the room. What the two men said during the next 90 minutes is not known, but both sides subsequently hinted that another meeting, involving several other Salvadoran leftist leaders, may take place later this month.

The Reagan Administration has gone to some length to emphasize that it was not "negotiating" with the guerrillas but merely trying to talk them into participating in the forthcoming Salvadoran elections, which are now scheduled for early 1984. After the meeting, Zamora made it clear that the guerrillas had not changed their minds about boycotting the elections because they do not trust the Magaña government to run them fairly or to be able to ensure the safety of leftist candidates. To participate in elections under present conditions in El Salvador, he declared, "would be to commit suicide." Nonetheless, Zamora said he regarded the talks with Stone as "a small step but a step in the right direction." He added: "It seems to us that if we can keep the flame of negotiations alive, this could be a deterrent against those people in the [Reagan] Administration who want to treat Central America as if they were in the 19th century."

After the Bogotá meeting, Stone flew to El Salvador for discussions with Salvadoran President Alvaro Magaña and other government leaders. Francisco Quiñonez, head of the Peace Commission that was created last year with the specific mission of trying to bring the left into the political process, informed Stone that there had already been contacts between his group and the guerrillas

Stone's next negotiating stop was Nicaragua, where he held a two-hour talk with Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra and Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto. Ortega repeated his recent call for a nonaggression pact between his country and Honduras and for a general freeze on outside military aid to all the countries of the region. A U.S. participant later described the talks as "serious and nonpolemical." Stone gained the impression that the Nicaraguan leaders seemed less rigid than in the past, possibly because of their rising concern over U.S. military visibility

The latest Stone mission enabled the Reagan Administration to claim that its Central America policy was beginning to show some results. Shultz told congressional leaders that "things are moving in a reasonably positive way." He mentioned not only the Stone-Zamora meeting but the latest efforts of the Contadora group, which consists of Colombia, Mexico, Panama and Venezuela. Last month the Presidents of those nations offered a ten-point peace plan aimed at defusing the military crisis. Next day Nicaragua's Ortega offered a strikingly similar plan, which, for the first time, acknowledged the regional nature of the problem. Until then, the Sandinistas had argued that their only problems were bilateral, with neighboring Honduras and with the U.S. Cuban President Fidel Castro similarly sought to take advantage of the Contadora initiative at the time by proposing negotiations to withdraw all foreign military advisers from the region. Under prodding from some congressional critics last week, Shultz said that he would look into the Cuban overture.

U.S. trainer shows Honduran troops near the Nicaraguan border how to use antitank weapons

The challenge: appearing open to political solution while applying military pressure.

Whether the Administration's assurances had changed the minds of many skeptical Senators and Congressmen was doubtful. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker acknowledged that the situation in Central America was improving "marginally." Democrat Michael Barnes, chairman of the House's Western Hemisphere Affairs Subcommittee, concluded, "There appears to be real ambivalence in the Administration. There are two different views, with the moderates favoring negotiation and the hard-liners advocating a military solution. As a result, they don't have a policy." Three Democrats, Senators Edward Kennedy and Gary Hart and Massachusetts Congressman Edward Markey, introduced a bill requiring the Government to get explicit congressional authorization before sending any combat troops into Central America. The bill, which has no serious chance of passage, would require congressional approval even for maneuvers such as the ones that are currently planned. Said Kennedy: "The President is playing with matches in Central America, and Congress must not permit him to light the spark that provokes the incident that starts the war." The next test of congressional sentiment will come in the fall when Congress must vote on whether to continue covert U.S. funding for the Nicaraguan *contra* guerrillas who are fighting the Sandinistas.

In the meantime, the Pentagon was proceeding with its elaborate plans for Big Pine II, as the maneuvers in the Central American region are designated. General Paul Gorman, chief of the Panama-based U.S. Southern Command, confirmed last week that the exercises will include an amphibious landing by 1,800 U.S. Marines and 600 to 800 troops from the Honduran 4th Battalion on the northern coasts of Honduras in November. That will be followed by a ten-day mock counterinsurgency operation aimed at "finding and rooting out" guerrillas in the coastal regions. Some of these maneuvers will take place in the narrow section of Honduras that borders on Nicaragua and El Salvador, and through which some of the arms from the Sandinistas to the Salvadoran rebels reportedly have been moving. Meanwhile, a carrier battle group headed by the U.S.S. *Ranger* is already on station in the Pacific off El Salvador. The President of Panama and several Cabinet ministers from Honduras and Guatemala accepted U.S. invitations to visit the *Ranger* last week.

As the U.S. election year approaches, the Administration will be hard pressed to win public support for its policy. The political risks are high. Opinion polls have shown repeatedly that the American public does not want U.S. troops to become involved in the fighting in Central America. At the same time, Reagan cannot afford to be seen to have "lost" Central America. The Administration will be obliged to do everything possible to appear reasonable and open to a political solution even as it continues to apply constructive military pressure. ***—By William E. Smith. Reported by Timothy Loughran/Managua and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington***

Salvadoran Rebel Zamora in Managua

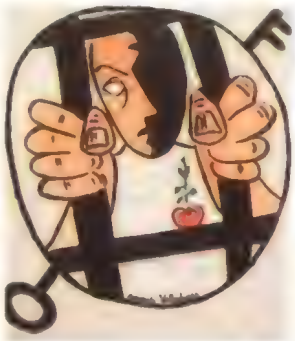
Inside Castro's Prisons

Free at last, Valladares with his wife Marta in Paris

Armando Valladares was a 23-year-old minor bureaucrat in Cuba's Ministry of Communications when the police arrested him in December 1960. The charge: "counterrevolutionary activity" because he had publicly criticized Fidel Castro's increasing dependence on the Soviet Union. Although he had supported Castro's 1959 overthrow of Dictator Fulgencio Batista, Valladares was, after a two-hour trial, sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment. During his confinement, Valladares began to record images and thoughts on the torn-off margins of Castro's official newspaper, Granma. *Some of these fragments, which were smuggled out of prison in dirty laundry and sent out of Cuba in toothpaste tubes, were published in Spanish as two books of poems,* From My Wheelchair *(1977) and* The Heart in Which I Live *(1980). Prefaced by a long introduction, a collection of some of those same poems, together with many of the prisoner's letters, was published in French as a third volume,* Castro's Prisoner *(1979). These works established his literary reputation internationally.*

Last October, thanks to the efforts of French President François Mitterrand and the Spanish writer Fernando Arrabal, among others, Castro agreed to release Valladares. He now lives in Madrid, where he spends his time writing. He also runs Internationale de la Resistance, a Paris-based human rights organization that he helped found earlier this year. The group's purpose, he says, is to support the overthrow of all dictators. Following is Valladares' first extensive English-language account of his experiences during almost 22 years in Castro's jails. His narrative is accompanied by illustrations that he drew himself on cigarette papers and that he later managed to smuggle out of prison.

I had not committed any offense. Moreover, nothing was found when my home was searched: neither explosives, nor arms, nor compromising documents. However, the police officers who interrogated me said that despite the absence of material evidence they were convinced that I was a potential enemy of the revolution. The real reason for my imprisonment was that I had constantly warned my friends and compatriots against a Communist takeover of our country. Because I always refused to repudiate my ideas, I was systematically beaten, kept in solitary confinement, physically and mentally tortured. My mind and my hands still bear the traces. I saw my companions tortured; I was both witness to and victim of a violent and ruthless penitentiary system.



There are almost 140,000 political and criminal prisoners in 68 penitentiaries throughout Cuba. In Havana province, for example, one finds prisons such as the Combinado del Este where I was imprisoned and which, at one time, held up to 13,500 detainees. In addition, more than 30 farm prisons and concentration camps are scattered around the island, including one camp that is exclusively for young girls and another that is reserved for young boys. There are also *Frentes Abiertos* (Open Fronts), which consist of groups of prisoners who are serving light sentences or who are about to be released. These detainees travel around the island constructing roads, schools, dairies and buildings. Tourists who see these men on the construction sites do not suspect that they are in fact prisoners who have accepted "political rehabilitation." Havana province alone has six such groups.

I myself spent the major part of my detention in high-security prisons, at first in La Cabaña prison. There, political prisoners from Havana province were executed by firing squad against an execution wall that had been set in the fortress' 200-year-old draining ditches. Night after night the firing was punctuated with cries of "Long live Christ the King!" and "Down with Communism!" from prisoners as they went to their deaths. From 1963 on, they were gagged.

I remained in La Cabaña only a few days before being transferred to an island south of Cuba called Isla de Pinos.* It had been converted by the Communists into the Siberia of the Americas. In conditions identical to those of the Soviet concentration camps under Stalin, the Cuban authorities had made Isla de Pinos the detention area for political prisoners who were sentenced to forced labor.

There, a prisoner's life was worthless. I saw many of my companions murdered. The first of them was Ernesto Díaz Madruga, who was bayoneted to death by the officer responsible for the application of camp regulations. Thus began a campaign of terror that resulted in numerous deaths and mutilations. In April 1961, 13½ tons of dynamite were placed in each building to blow us up in the event of an attack on Cuba. I held one of these murderous cartridges in my hands. They were made in Canada; evidently Castro had very little confidence in the efficiency of Soviet explosives. In Guanajay prison I recall witnessing the visit of a group of Soviet penal experts. All the political prisoners chanted in unison, "Soviets go home"; they were rewarded with the harshest of floggings.

For a long time I worked in agricultural camps and marble quarries. It was exhausting. We were victims of the constant blows of the officers responsible for the work squads. A few years later, I was taken to the Boniato prison in Oriente province. All the doors and windows were steel-shuttered. That period was one of the worst. But I felt myself neither alone nor abandoned because God was with me inside that jail. The greater the hatred my jailers directed at me, the more my heart brimmed over with Christian love and faith. I never felt hatred for my jailers, and even today, with the detachment of time, I offer prayers for them that they might repent. Once I succeeded in getting hold of a small Bible, but the soldiers ultimately found it and furiously tore it to shreds.

In August 1974, the detainees at La Cabaña, to which I had

*Now known as Isla de la Juventud (Island of Youth), this island was where Fidel Castro was incarcerated after his failed attempt to seize the Moncada barracks in 1953. A museum now commemorates his stay there, and children from Africa and Central America are brought to study on the island.

VALLADARES DRAWINGS PROVIDED BY REZA — S.P.A. BLACK STAR

been returned, were deprived of food for 46 days. At the end of that ordeal, six prisoners, myself included, could move only in wheelchairs. For years we were refused any medical care whatsoever. In 1976, as the result of pressure by Amnesty International, the Cuban government sent a report to that organization, admitting that I was suffering from "deficiency polyneuropathy," which restricted movement of my arms and legs. For more than four years all my efforts to obtain medical care and assistance were in vain.

In 1979, however, as a result of a new political strategy, Castro announced that he would lighten some prison sentences. I was taken to a civilian hospital, where I began to receive appropriate treatment. However, the publication of *Castro's Prisoner* in France resulted in the suspension of this treatment. I was sent back to prison, this time to Combinado del Este, where I remained until my release. In April 1981, the military transferred me to *las celdas de castigo* (punishment cells), which, at the time, housed 67 people who had been sentenced to death either for political reasons or for common crimes. I saw young boys and workers led off to the execution post simply because they had peacefully opposed the regime. Four months later, only 13 of the 67 were still alive.

By August, the authorities had built special premises so as to keep me in utter solitary confinement. The walls and ceiling were painted dazzling white, and just above my head, my jailers installed ten neon tubes about five feet long. These were kept on all the time, throwing off a blinding light that caused my sight to be damaged.

Next to my cell, they had installed a gymnasium equipped with all the requisite physiotherapy contraptions: tables, pulleys and parallel bars. They then began to put me through intensive treatment. Supervision was very strict and the guards were handpicked. The authorities already had the intention of releasing me, and their objective was to remove all the aftereffects of the ill-treatment I had been subjected to. Castro had told several ambassadors and statesmen who had taken an interest in my plight that until I could walk I would not leave the country. The colonels in the political police often told me that the only prisoner who could not leave Cuba in a wheelchair was me. Other detainees left the country in just such a condition, and two of them, still invalids, are now living in the U.S.

Little by little I began to regain the use of my legs. I was given food that was in short supply: a liter of milk each day, lots of meat, fruit, vegetables, vitamins and minerals. Several months later I was able to stop using the orthopedic devices. I began to walk between the parallel bars, lurching and staggering at first, then moving with more confidence. I was able to squat down and run in place, but I was still unable to walk without holding on to the parallel bars. I tended to reel off sideways, the result of having remained too long in an enclosed space. (After we had spent a few years in small cells in the Boniato prison, several of us were brought out into the corridors: we reeled as if we were drunk.)

I remained in that condition for many months. The wardens refused to let me walk outside the gymnasium. I learned later that they wanted to maintain complete secrecy concerning my re-education in order to win a propaganda victory with all those who, expecting me in a wheelchair, would be astonished to see me walking normally. At that time I was far from imagining that the treatment was, in fact, an anticipation of my release. I was in complete isolation. I thought this was the result of a government decision aimed at putting a stop to the campaign, which I suspected existed, to have me granted the medical care I needed. Each week I received a visit from officers in the political police who tried to convince me that everyone had forsaken me, that even my family wished to remain in Cuba. I did not believe a word of that, but neither did I have any inkling of the magnitude of the campaign being mounted for my release. The treatments continued. However, once the exercises and massages were finished, I still had to use my wheelchair to return to my cell or to go to the bathroom.

The Cuban government had already tried to discredit me abroad by printing a phony card that was supposed to show I was a member of Batista's political police and by trying to show that I had been a torturer. On my release I was easily able to show how worthless this proof was. If I had been a police torturer, Castro himself would have had me shot or imprisoned as soon as the revolutionaries seized power. Instead, I was promoted, and at the time of my arrest, I was a civil servant.

In Cuba, minors are sent to detention centers for offenses, which, in most countries, do not result in imprisonment. In Combinado del Este I met a twelve-year-old boy named Roberto. At night he would weep and cry out for his mother, pleading to be allowed to go home. To silence him, the guards would throw buckets of cold water and bottles at him or beat him with a rope. Roberto had been sentenced to prison because, while walking in the street, he had seen a pistol lying on the seat of an automobile belonging to a commander in the Ministry of the Interior. Just for fun, he had picked up the gun and shot it into the air.

On his arrival in prison, Roberto was put with the common criminals. A few days later, after having been raped by four men, he had to be hospitalized. On his return, he was classified as a homosexual and transferred to the section reserved for homosexuals. He subsequently had to return to the hospital many times because he was suffering from venereal disease. There are many Robertos in Cuba.

While I was in prison I also met four Jehovah's Witnesses, all of whom are probably still imprisoned in Combinado del Este. I saw several Protestant churches on Isla de Pinos that had been turned into fertilizer stores. Many Catholic churches have been closed and traditional religious ceremonies banned. The celebration of Christmas has been suppressed, and even the smallest of Christmas trees is looked upon as counterrevolutionary. Only a few people, generally the aged, run the risk of going to church; young people who attend Mass are stigmatized as "enemies of the revolution" and run the risk of expulsion from the university.

Another man whom I met in prison had been sentenced to six years for having transcribed passages out of the Bible for his friends and colleagues. It is very difficult to obtain a Bible. Once a group of Jamaican churchmen shipped some Bibles to Cuba. These were loaded onto a truck in the port of Havana and taken to a paper factory where they were recycled and used for government publications. Once José María Rivero Díaz, a Protestant minister, was surprised by a guard while reading a small Bible which had been smuggled into prison. He was savagely beaten up in his cell by the prison director and other high-ranking offi-

cials. After they had left, José María's back was just one vast, bloody wound. Even on the dawn of their execution, prisoners are unable to have the support of a priest.

Close family members of detainees do not have the right to address any request to government authorities. If they ask questions, they receive a visit from the political police and are informed that it is forbidden to inquire into the possibility of visiting prisoners. They are also barred from meeting with the families of other detainees. Thus any assembly of more than three close relatives of political prisoners renders them liable to conspiracy proceedings. Prisoners' families are kept under constant surveillance by the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (neighborhood block committees) and the police. In May 1979, because I had refused to write a letter disavowing the contents of my books and denouncing those who had published my poetry or who had talked of my situation abroad, my family was refused an exit visa to leave the country and my brother-in-law lost his job. My friends and relatives were forbidden to visit my house.

The political police bullied both my mother—who was already advanced in years—and my sister. One day, threatening to imprison my sister, they forced my mother to write that I was an enemy of all peoples, that the solitary confinement and the maltreatment I suffered were only what I deserved and that I should be grateful to the revolution.

My sister underwent interrogation several times and had to put up with threats. Once a colonel went to the house and showed her a court judgment that sentenced her to twelve years' imprisonment. My sister had neither been charged nor brought before any court. The colonel ordered her to follow him to the women's prison. The process took twelve hours; they said that certain formalities had still to be completed, and she was to return home and remain there until they came for her. Through such coercion, the authorities hoped to unbalance the minds of members of my family. They succeeded. My sister is currently in the U.S. undergoing psychiatric treatment.*

A week before leaving Cuba I was taken to the headquarters of the political police to meet Dr. Alvarez Cambra, who was responsible for my physical rehabilitation. Cambra was the author of statements published in a magazine interview maintaining that I had been examined by the best Cuban specialists and that their diagnosis confirmed I was suffering from "deficiency polyneuropathy." They took me to a sports field, and Cambra explained to me that I would, in a very short time, recover the ability to walk straight and that it was a question of readaptation of the brain. Then, during a whole week of intensive exercises, I was made to walk up and down stairs, exercise in the gymnasium, even go out on the track in the worst of the heat.

An hour before my departure for the airport, I ran a lap under the watchful eyes of the generals and colonels of the political police. They could now present me to the entire world. Two hours later I was on a plane to Paris. The resounding impact that the Cuban government expected from this event lasted only a few hours, until I explained I was no longer in a wheelchair only because I had been given the appropriate treatment.

The Cuban government thought I would just lose myself in the Cuban community in Miami, that I would become involved with the conventional anti-Castro movements. Paradoxically, it was the colonels of the political police who were the biggest sponsors of the international opinion campaign initiated on my behalf. I recognize them as having been my best publicity agents and my best literary agents.

Since December, I have received several anonymous threats, but they have not weakened my resolve to continue to expose the horrors of the Cuban regime. Recently in Paris, a person who introduced himself as an official of the Cuban embassy requested a meeting with me to "show me proof" that would be made public if I did not refrain from my "counterrevolutionary" activities. My answer caused him to slam down the phone. Subsequently, I received an anonymous telephone call warning me they would make public a film showing me exercising. They were, I presume, hoping to discredit my claims of paralysis. Finally, Fidel Castro wrote to French Communist Party Leader Georges Marchais describing me as a murderer and threatening to supply the proof. I publicly challenged Castro to bring forth his alleged proof. I am not afraid of the result.

The Cuban people are now beginning to awaken to the situation. Thousands of workers have begun to organize an independent trade union. Recently, five trade unionists were sentenced to death and saved only through the mobilization of world opinion. Tens of workers have been sent to prison, and eleven farmers are facing the death penalty because they burned their crops rather than sell them to the government at prices that were unjust.

Hundreds of my compatriots are detained today in political prisons because they refuse to accept "political rehabilitation." For years, these people have been living without clothes, without visitors or correspondence or medical attention, and without sunlight of any kind. Amnesty International, the Human Rights Commission of the Organization of American States and numerous intellectuals throughout the world have spoken out against this situation.

Reprisals have been taken against several Cuban intellectuals who have already spent many years behind bars or in concentration camps. At the end of May, the former diplomat and poet Andrés Vargas Gómez—grandson of General Máximo Gómez, the architect of Cuban independence—left prison seriously ill. He has been relentlessly threatened and kept under close surveillance, and was told he would never be permitted to leave the country. The poet Angel Cuadra, the socialist Ricardo Bofill, the sociologist Enrique Hernández, the mathematician Adolfo Rivero and many others find themselves in the same situation.

For years the Cuban government has been able to conceal its repressive nature, torturing and burying its dead in secrecy, gagging its victims. After almost a quarter of a century of Communism in Cuba, no one can continue to excuse its crimes by talking of the immaturity of the political process. No philosophy, no symbol, can justify the impunity with which Castroism kills its enemies. ■

*When Valladares was released last year, he refused to depart unless his family was also given permission to leave. The French Ambassador therefore interceded, procuring exit visas for four members of the prisoner's family.

Rebel forces occupying the strategic town of Faya-Largeau last June

Government soldiers with Belgian rifles

CHAD

A Pattern of Destabilization

Libya's designs on a neighbor provoke a firm U.S. response

With its poverty-ridden population of 4.6 million, almost no mineral resources and negligible strategic value, Chad never seemed important enough for major powers to worry about. But last week, alarmed by the latest turn of events in the landlocked former French colony, President Reagan authorized an additional $15 million in military aid to the embattled government of President Hissène Habré, bringing the total U.S. commitment to $25 million. The reason for the U.S. concern: Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi had dramatically stepped up his support for rebels trying to topple Habré. Said a senior State Department official: "There is a continent-wide pattern of Libyan destabilization. Libyan terrorist activities, Libyan aggression. We are in the middle of a small-scale, but very important conflict."

For more than a year, Gaddafi has been giving arms and money to the forces of former President Goukouni Oueddei, which number as many as 5,000. The fighting took on a new dimension two weeks ago, when Libyan MiG-21 jets strafed the northern Chad oasis of Faya-Largeau soon after government troops had recaptured the town from Goukouni's rebels. Gaddafi's jets continued their raids last week, reducing much of the brick-and-mud town to rubble.

In response, the U.S. has rushed 30 heat-seeking Redeye missiles to the Chadian capital of N'Djamena, along with three U.S. advisers to show government soldiers how to use the weapons against Libyan aircraft. Because it takes only one day for a soldier to learn how to use the Redeye, the U.S. advisers are expected to be out of Chad soon.

To underscore its concern, the U.S. also sent the aircraft carrier *Eisenhower* to within 150 miles of Libya's shores. Another carrier, the *Coral Sea*, was ordered to delay its scheduled departure for the coast of Central America. On Saturday the U.S. dispatched two AWACS planes and a number of support aircraft to monitor aerial activity in the desert conflict.

With characteristic bluster, Gaddafi vowed that his air force would "destroy" the *Eisenhower* if it entered the Gulf of Sidra, which Libya claims. Although the U.S. and most other nations—including the Soviet Union—do not honor any Libyan claim beyond the usual twelve-mile limit, the *Eisenhower* remained just outside the Gulf of Sidra. Nonetheless, two F-14 jets from the carrier drove off a pair of Libyan MiG-23 jets that they encountered on patrol. Neither side opened fire. In a similar incident two years ago, a pair of U.S. F-14s shot down two Libyan Su-22 planes that had opened fire on them.

The government of French President François Mitterrand has sent close to $40 million worth of arms and supplies to its former colony since late June. Last week France responded to an urgent plea from Habré by shipping antiaircraft weaponry to N'Djamena. Mitterrand has hesitated to send French troops to Chad. But he has come under pressure from a number of African nations that fear a Libyan victory in Chad would encourage Gaddafi to spread his subversion throughout the area.

Their worries are well founded. As most eyes were focused on Chad last week, a Marxist who has expressed open admiration for Gaddafi overthrew the pro-Western government of President Jean-Baptiste Ouédraogo in nearby Upper Volta. Street fighting in the capital city of Ouagadougou left five dead and 15 wounded. Ouédraogo was replaced by a "National Council of Revolution" headed by Thomas Sankara, 35, a brash, charismatic army captain. In the past, Libya has also made trouble by attempting to undermine pro-Western governments in Niger, Senegal and Tunisia.

The Soviet Union predictably accused the U.S. of "threatening peace and international security." Most countries in the region, however, welcomed the Western help. Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak has been deeply concerned about Libyan intervention in Chad, fearing that one of Gaddafi's longer-term aims is to destabilize the Sudan, Egypt's southern neighbor and ally. Gaddafi has sponsored at least two attempts to topple Sudanese President Gafaar Nimeiri. Last February the U.S. responded to suspicious Libyan air force movements near the Sudanese border by deploying AWACS planes to Egypt and the aircraft carrier *Nimitz* off the Egyptian coast. Relations between Gaddafi and Nimeiri are so bad that each has called for the death of the other.

Zaïre's President, Mobutu Sese Seko, also hopes to see Gaddafi's advance halted. Last month Mobutu sent 2,000 paratroopers to Chad to help guard strategic points in the capital, freeing Habré's troops for the battle against the rebels in the north. In Washington for talks with President Reagan and Secretary of State George

Rebel Leader Goukouni

President Habré

FOR YEARS, THE NEWNESS OF A CAR WAS DETERMINED BY WHAT YOU SAW.

Get it together—buckle up.

FOR ONCE, WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE IS JUST AS NEW.

The 1984 Topaz was designed to do more than simply look advanced. It was designed to provide you with a driving experience that's solid, responsive, and precise.

The way Topaz accomplishes this is by integrating a remarkable combination of engineering, design, and handling features in a 5-passenger car.

Its new 2300 HSC engine utilizes High Swirl Combustion technology for smooth, responsive power, particularly in stop-and-go situations. The engine is linked to an on-board EEC IV computer that's capable of processing 1,000,000 engine commands per second for smooth operation.

The handling is enhanced by a fully independent suspension system with front and rear MacPherson struts which help isolate shock from the driver, while still giving a superb feel of the road.

Other standard features include power brakes, front-wheel drive for traction, plus rack-and-pinion steering for precise control.

You may not appreciate all this technology just by looking at this car. But you will by driving it. We invite you to experience Topaz.

Call us toll-free at 1-800-MERCFAX for the name of your nearest Lincoln-Mercury Dealer and a copy of the 1984 Topaz catalog.

The 1984 Mercury Topaz. A car as advanced as those who will own it.

1984 MERCURY TOPAZ

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

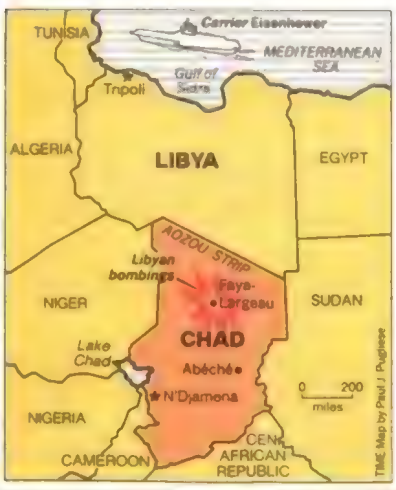
Shultz last week. Mobutu promised to send more troops to Chad. U.S. officials praised him for his "courageous action."

Like so many African countries, Chad is an amalgam of religious and ethnic groups that were arbitrarily united by colonial rule. The country straddles the nomadic Muslim culture of the Sahara and the black African traditions of Christians and animists who are engaged in agriculture in the savannas of the more densely populated south. Although Chad's internal turmoil began as a conflict between north and south, it has grown into a power struggle between Habré and Goukouni, two Muslim warlords from the north.

Gaddafi's primary interest in Chad is the Aozou Strip, a 60-mile-wide band near Chad's northern border. Since 1973 Libya has occupied the area, which is believed to be rich in uranium and manganese. In June 1980, Goukouni, who was then President, signed a friendship treaty with Gaddafi, granting Libya the right to intervene militarily in Chad and laying plans for a merger of the two countries. Habré, who was then Defense Minister, took up arms against Goukouni in protest, but he was defeated in December 1980. Goukouni ruled for a year and a half until Habré drove him out in mid-1982.

Until June, Goukouni's rebel forces controlled a third of the country and seemed prepared to march on N'Djamena from the eastern town of Abéché. Strengthened by the delivery of more than 400 tons of arms and ammunition from France, however, Habré's army recaptured Abéché last month. After Goukouni lost Faya-Largeau, Gaddafi apparently concluded that only direct Libyan assistance could prevent a total rout of the Chadian rebels. But by sending in his air force and thereby provoking the U.S. to step up its support for Habré, Gaddafi may actually have dimmed Goukouni's chances of recapturing the battle-scarred capital of N'Djamena—and the presidency. —*By William Guest.*

Reported by John Borrell/Nairobi and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris



Cautious and methodical: McFarlane meets Begin in Jerusalem last week

MIDDLE EAST

Subtle Shuttle

Old problems, new approach

U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane showed none of the intensity of his predecessor Philip Habib as he began his first swing through the Middle East last week. Displaying the manner that has earned him praise as deputy chief of the National Security Council, McFarlane, 46, was cautious, methodical and discreet. His goal, in the words of a State Department official, was to "meet the people and go over the basic issues." Unlike Habib, who sometimes got his best ideas in a flash of inspiration while talking to his counterparts, McFarlane organizes his discussions carefully beforehand and then sticks to his notes when he is talking.

But despite the new approach, there was little hope that McFarlane would make much progress on the most pressing of the basic issues: the withdrawal from Lebanon of Israel's 36,000 troops, Syria's 60,000 and the Palestine Liberation Organization's 10,000. His mission was lent new urgency, however, by an outbreak of fresh violence in Lebanon. A spate of bombings, including a car bomb that exploded outside a crowded mosque in Tripoli, killed 23 people and wounded more than 50 in one 24-hour period alone.

Three months ago U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz had persuaded Lebanon and Israel to sign an agreement that called for the Israelis to pull their forces out of Lebanon provided Syria and the P.L.O. did the same. But Syria was not a party to the negotiations, and American confidence that Syria would quickly agree to the mutual pull-out arrangement proved wrong. Syrian President Hafez Assad denounced the Israeli-Lebanese agreement and declared that Habib would not be welcome in Damascus to discuss the issue. That left President Reagan little choice but to name a new envoy.

McFarlane's first stop was Beirut, where he conveyed Israel's request that the Lebanese exchange formal letters of ratification, the mechanism that would put the agreement into effect. Lebanese President Amin Gemayel politely refused, explaining that he first wanted guarantees that Israel was seriously committed to a complete withdrawal. Last month Israel announced that it would pull its troops back 17 miles, to the Awali River, but Gemayel wanted a timetable for the next phase of the withdrawal. In Jerusalem the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin told McFarlane that Israel would commit itself to a timetable only if Syria did so as well.

The new envoy's most difficult stop, however, would be his visit to Damascus. Early last week, Assad accused the U.S. of creating "a state of disorder" in the Arab world. "This mediation," Assad said, referring to McFarlane's efforts, "cannot be accepted unless we accept that the enemy can be a fair judge." U.S. analysts believe Assad may be talking tough to bolster his prestige at home. They note that the Syrian President has hinted that if the proper "inducements" were offered he might be amenable to a withdrawal from Lebanon. These could include guarantees that Lebanon would not be used as a base for hostile acts against Syria.

As a possible first step, McFarlane may try to get Syria and Israel to pull their troops back from their present positions in the Bekaa Valley of eastern Lebanon, where they are now only 500 yards apart in some places. Such a disengagement might interest Syria because Israeli forces are positioned within easy artillery range (18 miles) of Damascus. McFarlane said late last week that he had been encouraged by his talks so far. But unless he had something new to offer Syria, Lebanon's agony would not soon end. ■

ZIMBABWE

Striking Back

Toward a one-party state

Officials of Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's government have been railing against the Western press for months, charging that a steady stream of critical reports that describe increasing authoritarianism, economic decline and bloody intertribal feuding in Zimbabwe were distortions of the truth. Last week they struck back. At a meeting with the five other "front-line" black African nations that confront South Africa,* Zimbabwe won approval of a resolution banning all visits by foreign journalists who are based in South Africa, except by specific invitation. Since almost all reporting on Zimbabwe is done by 90 foreign correspondents who work in South Africa, the ban's immediate effect will be to sharply curtail coverage of the country.

Foreign journalists who are based outside South Africa can visit Zimbabwe, and the country's press freedoms still exceed those of most other black African nations. Nevertheless, the decision seemed to be another disappointing sign that, three years after wresting independence from white rule, black-governed Zimbabwe was slipping into the mold of so many other African states.

Mugabe has done little to dispel that impression. He has forcefully moved to curb the powers of his main rival, Joshua Nkomo, with whom he shared an uneasy alliance during the seven-year guerrilla war that finally ended the white regime of Ian Smith in 1979. In January, Mugabe's troops killed hundreds of Nkomo's Ndebele tribesmen in Matabeleland, ostensibly while crushing opposition guerrillas. When soldiers raided Nkomo's home in March, he fled to London, where he remains in exile.

An attempt by Mugabe to administer a final blow to Nkomo's waning political prospects failed only narrowly last week.

*Angola, Botswana, Mozambique, Tanzania, Zambia

FRANCES DIAS

Nkomo: awaiting the final blow

"If I don't go back, there will be war."

Mugabe: more pragmatic than Marxist

Invoking a law that requires the Zimbabwean Parliament to declare a seat vacant if any member misses 21 consecutive sittings, Mugabe's ruling ZANU-P.F. Party called a vote to strip Nkomo of his parliamentary seat. When the embarrassed leadership realized that not enough members were present in Parliament to provide the necessary majority, it postponed the decision. In London, Nkomo warned glumly that "if I don't go back, there will be a war."

One-party rule now seems all but inevitable. Yet Mugabe, who describes himself as a Marxist, has offered intriguing hints that he will not create a Communist-style state. Finance Minister Bernard Chidzero has imposed a tough new budget that includes not only higher taxes for upper-bracket incomes, but also an unprecedented "lower level" tax of 2% on all incomes above $100 a month. The pragmatic measures are aimed at reducing Zimbabwe's budget deficit, which was more than $600 million last year.

The government has taken small but significant steps to reduce political repression and to signal its need for support from Western governments. Last month Mugabe ordered the Korean-trained Fifth Brigade that was responsible for the massacres earlier this year to leave Matabeleland. When the brigade's Korean instructors returned home, Mugabe invited Britain to retrain its 5,000 troops.

Those steps should earn Mugabe a relatively warm reception next month when he visits the U.S., which is the country's largest aid donor. "If a one-party state tolerates diversity of views, freedom of political expression and the press, and legal protection for the rights of minorities," says a State Department official, "is that not compatible with what we want?" Lifting the controversial ban on foreign journalists based in South Africa would be a painless way for Mugabe to reaffirm that it is what he wants too. ■

AUSTRALIA

Hot Seat

An embarrassment for Hawke

At first it seemed like a standard spy story. Last April, six weeks after sweeping to power, the government of Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke expelled Valeri Ivanov, a Soviet diplomat, for espionage. To the government's embarrassment, however, the story refused to leave along with the diplomat. Two weeks ago, Special Minister of State Mick Young resigned when it was learned that he had talked to a lobbyist about confidential Cabinet security committee discussions concerning David Combe, a former Labor official who had become friendly with the Russian. Moreover, it was widely believed that similar information had been leaked to others by someone even higher-ranking than Young. Last week the identity of that person was revealed: Hawke.

The Prime Minister made the revelation himself before a Royal Commission appointed by his government to investigate the Ivanov-Combe connection and Australia's national security. It was the first time an Australian Prime Minister had ever testified in such a hearing. From a green-padded, tubular steel chair in the witness box in a converted government office in Canberra, Hawke responded to questions for four grueling days.

ALPERT—KEYSTONE

Bob Hawke

He admitted that in April he had told two Canberra lobbyists that the government was about to ban official contact with Combe, and asked them not to enter into a proposed partnership with him. The request, Hawke insisted, was legitimate because it was aimed at denying Combe any indirect access and thus at maintaining the "integrity of the government." Two days later, contact with Combe was formally banned.

Opposition Leader Andrew Peacock took the offensive immediately after Hawke's admission last week. He charged that the Prime Minister's "behavior has been shown to be grossly improper." Hawke reacted sharply, saying he was "disgusted" that Peacock would make such allegations at a time when Hawke, because he was giving testimony at a hearing, could not respond. Hawke asserted that Peacock's charges amounted to defamation and protested to the commission about the opposition leader's statement. Peacock received a warning.

The Royal Commission, which began sitting on June 1, is expected to continue its deliberations for several more weeks. So far, the spreading spy scandal has already claimed three casualties: Ivanov, Combe and Young. After last week's revelations, Australians were wondering if there might not be others. ■

DIPLOMACY

New Talk About a Walk

West Germany renews interest in a disavowed missile compromise

Half the women were draped in body-length black cloth, the other half in white. Some of them carried hand-made crosses, others beat drums and pounded 10-ft.-tall bamboo poles in time with their slow march. The 150 women, who had walked more than 200 miles from Dortmund, West Germany, led a 1,000-strong parade near NATO's Brussels headquarters last Saturday to mark the 38th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima. But many of their banners also bore slogans that reflected a more immediate concern: FOR A EUROPE FREE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS. NO PERSHING IIS. NO CRUISE MISSILES. The protest was a harbinger of what Europeans predict will be a "hot autumn" in which millions of people will take to the streets to protest the imminent deployment of new U.S. nuclear missiles in Western Europe.

Under the plan agreed to by NATO's 15 members four years ago, the first of 108 Pershing II ballistic nuclear missiles will be installed in West Germany beginning in December if the U.S. and the Soviet Union fail to agree on limits to the number of intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe. At the same time, some of the 464 ground-launched cruise missiles scheduled for deployment in five West European countries will be moved into place in Britain and Italy. Although the missile question has provoked the most heated opposition in West Germany, Chancellor Helmut Kohl vigorously reaffirmed, in recent meetings with President Reagan and Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, that his government was committed to the NATO decision no matter how many people demonstrated this fall.

Since then, to Washington's dismay, the West German government has caused confusion in Western ranks by hinting that it is interested in the revival of a compromise plan that U.S. Negotiator Paul Nitze and his Soviet counterpart Yuli Kvitsinsky worked out during a stroll in the Jura Mountains above Geneva last summer. The walk-in-the-woods proposal, as it came to be called, was disavowed by Washington and Moscow. But West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher seemed to resurrect it last month when he told a reporter during a visit to Bulgaria that "the closer we come to the resumption of talks between the U.S. and the Soviet Union after the summer recess, it will be all the more useful to think along the lines of the agreement worked out on that walk in the woods." Five days later, Kohl further fueled speculation that Bonn was shifting its position when he said bluntly that the walk-in-the-woods idea "must be examined further in Geneva."

Although there has been controversy about what took place during and after the stroll in the woods, the basic provisions of the unofficial proposal are now well known. The U.S. would forgo the deployment of all 108 Pershing IIs in West Germany and install a total of only 300 cruise missiles, instead of 464, in Western Europe. The Soviets, in exchange, would reduce the number of SS-20 missile launchers aimed at Western Europe from 250 to 75. This would give them 225 warheads, creating a rough parity in the number of intermediate-range weapons on each side. In addition, the Kremlin would freeze the number of its SS-20s in Asia at 90 and dropped its demand that the 162 missiles in the independent British and French nuclear forces be limited under the agreement.

A Pershing II being tested in Florida

In the view of some analysts, the compromise would have been militarily favorable for the West, since the potential targets of the Pershing II in the Soviet Union can be covered by longer-range strategic weapons based in the U.S. or on American submarines. If there were no political considerations in putting U.S. ballistic missiles on European soil, the sacrifice of the Pershing II, according to this view, might have been an acceptable price to pay for a 70% reduction in the SS-20 threat to Western Europe.

Each side accuses the other of having first rejected the proposal. The fact is, the U.S. and the Soviet Union turned down the package almost simultaneously. During a meeting with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in New York last September, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz indicated obliquely that the Reagan Administration found the plan inadequate. Gromyko made no response. The next day, Kvitsinsky signaled to Nitze in Geneva that the Kremlin had rejected the proposals.

U.S. officials are perplexed and angered by the West German efforts to revive interest in the walk-in-the-woods formula. Their main fear is political: if the plan to install Pershing IIs were abandoned, West Germany would move from the head of the line of countries deploying new missiles to near the end, since it would receive cruise missiles only after Britain, Italy and Belgium. Any sign that West Germany was weakening its commitment might unleash doubts among other NATO allies, not just about West German but also about American resolve, thereby threatening the entire missile deployment scheme. Washington will not have to worry about Britain. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is so committed to the NATO decision that she will deploy cruise missiles at the end of the year, even if the West Germans drag their feet.

West German officials tried last week to temper their earlier statements on the walk-in-the-woods package. While Kohl vacationed in Austria, a government spokesman emphasized that the Chancellor and the U.S. were "in complete agreement that NATO's decision would have to be followed and that, failing a solution in Geneva, both missile systems would have to be deployed." After visiting Kohl in Austria, Genscher appeared on television to say that "the question of the weapons mix has played a greater role in the past few days than it in truth deserves." The Foreign Minister explained that the walk-in-the-woods plan showed that it was possible to come up with an agreement that

did not include the independent British and French nuclear forces, a major stumbling block in Geneva. Still, there may have been other motives in Bonn's renewed interest in the proposal.

One theory is that Andropov may have indicated to Kohl in Moscow last month that he might be willing to reconsider the Nitze-Kvitsinsky scheme. Officials in Bonn deny that this was the case. They note that when West German officials asked Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov about the plan, he curtly replied: "We do not want to talk about walks in the woods. We want to talk about talks at the table." Still, the Soviet strategy from the beginning has been to appear to West Europeans to be more flexible than the U.S. Soviet Foreign Affairs Specialist Genrikh Trofimenko added an element of perhaps deliberate uncertainty last week when he told a West German newspaper that if the U.S. were to present the walk-in-the-woods plan as a formal proposal in Geneva "we would discuss it."

There is similar ambiguity in the U.S. position. Officials have said repeatedly that the walk-in-the-woods package was dead and that the U.S. would never consider any compromise that required giving up the Pershing II. The President issued an order to that effect in response to the Nitze plan last year. At the same time, the Administration has denied reports that it scuttled the proposal before Nitze could even get an answer from Kvitsinsky. In testimony before the Arms Control Panel of the House Armed Services Committee, Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, who opposed the proposal last year, offered a surprisingly positive appraisal of the package. "The walk-in-the-woods formula," said Perle, "was proposed by Ambassador Nitze as a final agreement, as a bottom line, in which significant compromises were made on both sides." Trying to blame the Kremlin for its failure, Perle added, "I think it is only fair to say that the U.S. was prepared to consider it further and Nitze returned to Geneva with those instructions. There was no interest on the Soviet side." Perle's comments raised the possibility that some Administration officials may be coming around to the view that it might indeed make sense to put forward the walk-in-the-woods formula as a formal, final offer.

Kohl's revival of the proposal, on the other hand, may have been meant primarily for domestic consumption. By bringing up the rejected scheme, which has been strongly favored by the opposition Social Democrats, the Chancellor may have hoped to convince nervous West Germans that his government was doing everything possible to help the U.S. and Soviets reach an agreement in Geneva, even if that meant prodding the U.S. If Kohl succeeds and if no agreement is reached in Geneva, his gambit may have been worth whatever temporary strain it is causing in the alliance. —*By John Kohan. Reported by Gary Lee/Bonn and Strobe Talbott/Washington*

Conflict in the Ranks

It was a gesture that caught all the environmental fervor so characteristic of West Germany's Green Party. Minutes after Helmut Kohl had been elected Chancellor last March, Marieluise Beck-Oberdorf, 31, a new Green deputy, handed him a branch from a fir tree that had been exposed to acid rain. With that impulsive act, Beck-Oberdorf breached her idealistic party's agreement against any individual initiative. For her transgression, she was castigated so harshly by her parliamentary colleagues that she burst into tears.

Last week, however, a clearly outrageous gesture by a Green regional deputy from the state of Hesse had been approved in advance by local party members. At a reception for U.S. commanders in Wiesbaden, Frank Schwalba-Hoth threw a glass of his blood on the chest of Lieut. General Paul S. Williams Jr. to protest the projected deployment of U.S. intermediate-range missiles in West Germany.

The Greens arrived triumphantly in parliament five months ago with a vision of themselves as the antiparty party, a model of selflessness and dedication in a political system they considered debased by cynical powerbrokers and greed. Since then, they have been discovering that the purity they preach is painfully hard to put into practice.

In the belief that even a sliver of power corrupts, the Greens eschew any hierarchical party structure. The result occasionally is unhappy chaos. Arguing incessantly with one another, party members have created an oppressive atmosphere of dogmatic righteousness. Even Green Deputy Petra Kelly has become too well known for the taste of party purists and is keeping a low profile.

ECKHARDT—AP

Host Jochen Lengemann apologizing to Williams

Factions have begun to emerge within the Green Party under the pressure of its new national role. On one side stand the "fundamentalists," dedicated to preserving the party's protest roots. On the other are the "pragmatists," who are more concerned with having an impact on national policy. The two groups are at odds over how to deal with potential violence in the peace movement. After 134 peace activists were arrested in Krefeld last June for attacking U.S. Vice President Bush's car with stones and paint bombs, Green Deputy Gert Bastian, a former general in the West German army, chastised the offenders as "provocateurs, not part of the peace movement at all." Other Greens insisted that the party must remain open to all kinds of dissidents.

Not surprisingly, money has become a problem for a movement that has been too lofty to learn how to manage it. Says Deputy Otto Schily: "Running a party is not as cheap as we thought it would be." Party funds have been spent on travel to Eastern Europe, Central America and the U.S. Even before the elections, Green deputies agreed to give $25,600 of their $34,600 annual salaries to their favorite cause, which for most is the party.

In the permanent state of controversy that seems to reign among the Greens, an argument has erupted over a basic principle adopted before they came to the Bundestag. In order to ensure that representation would always be more important than personalities, the party had decided to rotate its members every two years instead of waiting for elections every four years. It is now occurring to some of them that the rotation principle may be too costly and could deprive the Greens of some of their most effective voices, such as Kelly, Bastian and Schily.

Despite all their problems, the Greens have taken effective advantage of their parliamentary platform. Already 18 of the 27 deputies have given speeches on the floor, a far higher percentage than that of any other party, and most of the speeches were broadcast, at least in part, on national television. The West German press continues to give the Greens extensive coverage. For a movement that refuses the traditional compromises necessary to make parliamentary democracy work, that already may be enough. The question now is how long the Greens can live with the conflict between their principles and political reality.

Essay

Deep Down, We're All Alike, Right? Wrong

"As is evident just from the look on his face," observes *The New Yorker* in a recent reflection on the Lincoln Memorial, "[Lincoln] would have liked to live out a long life surrounded by old friends and good food." Good food? *New Yorker* readers have an interest in successful soufflés, but it is hard to recall the most melancholy and spiritual of Presidents giving them much thought. *New Yorker* editors no doubt dream of living out their days grazing in gourmet pastures. But did Lincoln really long to retire to a table at Lutèce?

Solipsism is the belief that the whole world is me, and as Mathematician Martin Gardner points out, its authentic version is not to be found outside mental institutions. What is to be found outside the asylum is its philosophic cousin, the belief that the whole world is *like* me. This species of solipsism—plural solipsism, if you like—is far more common because it is far less lonely. Indeed, it yields a very congenial world populated exclusively by creatures of one's own likeness, a world in which Lincoln pines for his dinner with André or, more consequentially, where KGB chiefs and Iranian ayatullahs are, well, folks just like us.

The mirror-image fantasy is not as crazy as it seems. Fundamentally, it is a radical denial of the otherness of others. Or to put it another way, a blinding belief in "common humanity," in the triumph of human commonality over human differences. It is a creed rarely fully embraced (it has a disquieting affinity with martyrdom), but in a culture tired of such ancient distinctions as that between children and adults (in contemporary movies the kids are, if anything, wiser than their parents) or men and women ("I was a better man as a woman with a woman than I've ever been as a man with a woman," says Tootsie), it can acquire considerable force.

Its central axiom is that if one burrows deep enough beneath the Mao jacket, the *shapka* or the chador, one discovers that people everywhere are essentially the same. American Anthropologist Samantha Smith was invited to Moscow by Yuri Andropov for firsthand confirmation of just that proposition (a rare Soviet concession to the principle of on-site inspection). After a well-photographed sojourn during which she took in a children's festival at a Young Pioneer camp (but was spared the paramilitary training), she got the message: "They're just . . . almost . . . just like us," she announced at her last Moscow press conference. Her mother, who is no longer eleven but makes up for it in open-mindedness, supplied the corollary: "They're just like us . . . they prefer to work at their jobs than to work at war."

That completes the syllogism. We all have "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions." We are all "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer." It follows, does it not, that we must all want the same things? According to Harvard Cardiologist Bernard Lown, president of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, that's not just Shakespeare, it's a scientific fact: "Our aim is to promote the simple medical insight," he writes, "that Russian and American hearts are indistinguishable, that both ache for peace and survival."

Such breathtaking non sequiturs (cardiological or otherwise) are characteristic of plural solipsism. For it is more than just another happy vision. It is meant to have practical consequences. If people everywhere, from Savannah to Sevastopol, share the same hopes and dreams and fears and love of children (and good food), they should get along. And if they don't, then there must be some misunderstanding, some misperception, some problem of communication. As one news report of the recent conference of Soviet and American peace activists in Minneapolis put it, "The issue of human rights sparked a heated discussion . . . and provided participants with a firsthand view of the obstacles to communication which so often characterize U.S.-Soviet relations." (The sadistic sheriff in *Cool Hand Luke* was more succinct: pointing to the rebellious prisoner he had just brutalized, he explained, "What we've got here is failure to communicate.") It is the broken-telephone theory of international conflict, and it suggests a solution: repair service by the expert "facilitator," the Harvard negotiations professor. Hence the vogue for peace academies, the mania for mediators, the belief that the world's conundrums would yield to the right intermediary, the right presidential envoy, the right socialist international delegation. Yet Iraq's Saddam Hussein and Iran's Ayatullah Khomeini, to take just two candidates for the Roger Fisher School of Conflict Resolution, have perfectly adequate phone service. They need only an operator to make the connection. Their problem is that they have very little to say to each other.

There are other consequences. If the whole world is like me, then certain conflicts become incomprehensible; the very notion of intractability becomes paradoxical. When the U.S. embassy in Tehran is taken over, Americans are bewildered. What does the Ayatullah want? The U.S. Government sends envoys to find out what token or signal or symbolic gesture might satisfy Iran. It is impossible to believe that the Ayatullah wants exactly what he says he wants: the head of the Shah. Things are not done that way any more in the West (even the Soviet bloc has now taken to pensioning off deposed leaders). It took a long time for Americans to get the message.

Other messages from exotic cultures are never received at all. The more virulent pronouncements of Third World countries are dismissed as mere rhetoric. The more alien the sentiment, the less seriously it is taken. Diplomatic fiascoes follow, like Secretary Shultz's recent humiliation in Damascus. He persisted in going there despite the fact that President Assad had made it utterly plain that he rejected efforts by the U.S. (the "permanent enemy") to obtain withdrawal of Syrian forces from Lebanon. Or consider the chronic American frustration with Saudi Arabia. The Saudis consistently declare their refusal to accept the legitimacy of a Jewish state in the Middle East, a position so at variance with the Western view that it is simply discounted. Thus successive American Governments continue to count on Saudi support for U.S. peace plans, only to be rudely let down. When the Saudis finally make it unmistakably clear that they will support neither Camp David nor the Reagan plan nor the Lebanon accord, the U.S. reacts with consternation. It might have spared itself the surprise if it had not in the first place imagined that underneath those kaffiyehs are folks just like us, sharing our aims and views.

"The wise man shows his wisdom in separation, in gradation, and his scale of creatures and of merits is as wide as nature," writes Emerson. "The foolish have no range in their scale,

Illustrations for TIME by Alexa Grace

And Beefeater makes it even better.

BEEFEATER® GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.®

Essay

but suppose every man is as every other man." Ultimately to say that people all share the same hopes and fears, are all born and love and suffer and die alike, is to say very little. For it is after commonalities are accounted for that politics becomes necessary. It is only when values, ideologies, cultures and interests clash that politics even begins. At only the most trivial level can it be said that people want the same things. Take peace. The North Vietnamese want it, but apparently they wanted to conquer all of Indochina first. The Salvadoran right and left both want it, but only after making a desert of the other. The Reagan Administration wants it, but not if it has to pay for it with pieces of Central America.

And even if one admits universal ends, one still has said nothing about means, about what people will risk, will permit, will commit in order to banish their (common) fears and pursue their (common) hopes. One would think that after the experience of this century the belief that a harmony must prevail between peoples who share a love of children and small dogs would be considered evidence of a most grotesque historical amnesia.

From where does the idea of a world of likes come? In part from a belief in universal brotherhood (a belief that is parodied, however, when one pretends that the ideal already exists). In part from a trendy ecological pantheism with its misty notions of the oneness of those sharing this lonely planet. In part from the Enlightenment belief in a universal human nature, a slippery modern creation that for all its universality manages in every age to take on a decidedly middle-class look. For the mirror-image fantasy derives above all from the coziness of middle-class life. The more settled and ordered one's life—and in particular one's communal life—the easier it becomes for one's imagination to fail. In Scarsdale, destitution and desperation, cruelty and zeal are the stuff of headlines, not life. Thus a single murder can create a sensation; in Beirut it is a statistic. When the comfortable encounter the unimaginable, the result is not only emotional but cognitive rejection. Brutality and fanaticism beyond one's ken must be made to remain there; thus, for example, when evidence mounts of biological warfare in faraway places, the most fanciful theories may be produced to banish the possibility.

To gloss over contradictory interests, incompatible ideologies and opposing cultures as sources of conflict is more than antipolitical. It is dangerous. Those who have long held a mirror to the world and seen only themselves are apt to be shocked and panicked when the mirror is removed, as inevitably it must be. On the other hand, to accept the reality of otherness is not to be condemned to a war of all against all. We are not then compelled to see in others the focus of evil in the world. We are still enjoined to love our neighbor as ourselves; only it no longer becomes an exercise in narcissism.

But empathy that is more than self-love does not come easily. Particularly not to a culture so fixed on its own image that it can look at Lincoln, gaunt and grave, and see a man ready to join the queue at the pâté counter at Zabar's.

—By Charles Krauthammer

Milestones

MARRIED. Margot Kidder, 34, outspoken Canadian actress who soared to fame as Lois Lane in the *Superman* movie series; and **Philippe de Broca,** 50, French film director who made the 1966 cult classic *King of Hearts;* she for the third time, he for the second; in Vert, France.

SEPARATED. Joe Montana, 27, quarterback who led the San Francisco 49ers to their 1982 Super Bowl victory; and **Cass Montana,** 31, United Airlines stewardess; after two years of marriage, the second for each, no children; in Skyline, Calif.

RESIGNED. Bowie Kuhn, 56, commissioner of baseball; after 14½ stormy years in office; in Boston. When owners of five National League clubs would not change their nine-month-old decision to block his re-election, Kuhn decided to stop fighting and go "in the best interests" of baseball. He will serve until Dec. 31 unless a replacement is chosen before then.

SENTENCED. David Crosby, 41, singer-guitarist of the Byrds and later of the mellow folk-rock supergroup now known as Crosby, (Stephen) Stills and (Graham) Nash; to five years in prison for possession of a quarter-gram of cocaine and a firearm; in Dallas. Crosby, arrested while free-basing cocaine in his dressing room between Dallas rock-club performances last year, is on three years' probation for reckless driving in California.

HOSPITALIZED. Jacob K. Javits, 79, longtime (1957-81) Republican Senator from New York; for a new experimental treatment of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, the progressive neuromuscular disorder also known as Lou Gehrig's disease; at Good Samaritan Hospital; in Los Angeles. Javits will be injected with extremely high doses of thyrotropin releasing hormone, an expensive ($2,400 per gram) drug that has produced dramatic but short-term improvements in ALS victims.

RECOVERING. Margaret Thatcher, 57, Britain's Iron Lady; from surgery on a partly detached retina in her right eye; in Windsor, England. The Prime Minister entered Princess Christian Hospital after unsuccessful laser treatment, left three days later pronouncing herself "101% fit."

DIED. Carolyn Jones, 50, sultry, sinuous actress who played the ghoulamorous Morticia on television's *The Addams Family;* of cancer; in Beverly Hills. A promising starlet whose supporting performance as a love-starved beatnik in *The Bachelor Party* (1957) was nominated for an Oscar, Jones left the movies in 1964 to star for two years in the TV sitcom based on Charles Addams' offbeat *New Yorker* cartoons.

DIED. Judy Canova, 69, pigtailed, bullfrog-voiced singer and hillbilly comedian; of cancer; in Hollywood. One of the most popular radio stars of the 1940s, Canova also mugged and yodeled off-key through some two dozen movies, including *Scatterbrain* (1940) and *Louisiana Hayride* (1944).

DIED. William Balderston, 86, former president and chairman of the Philco Corp., who helped mastermind the promotion and popularization of the car radio; in Abington, Pa. Philco bought rights in 1930 to a radio that could be operated in a car, and under Balderston's guidance, sales passed the million mark five years later. Near the end of his presidency (1948-54), Philco was first in the U.S. in car-radio and air-conditioner sales.

DIED. Howard Dietz, 86, Hollywood songwriter who penned the lyrics to such standards as *Dancing in the Dark, You and the Night and the Music* and *Louisiana Hayride;* of Parkinson's disease; in New York City. A public relations executive who invented Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Leo the Lion trademark and is said to have coined Greta Garbo's line "I want to be alone." Dietz was amazingly prolific (more than 500 songs) and quick, whipping up *That's Entertainment* in 30 minutes with his longtime collaborator Arthur Schwartz. One of show business's genuine Renaissance men, Dietz translated the librettos of *La Bohème* and *Die Fledermaus* into English for the Metropolitan Opera, dabbled in oil painting, and devised a two-handed bridge game that bears his name.

ST. PAUL JUST GOT A SUITE IDEA.

It got a brand new, 210-suite Granada Royale Hometel.®

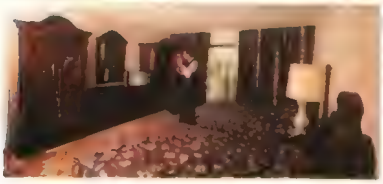
Where every guest gets a suite. Plus a free, full American-style breakfast every morning. And two hours of free cocktails every evening.

All for the cost of a regular hotel room alone, somewhere else. And all with no tipping.

We call it The Suite Life,℠ but to the world-weary business traveler, it's more like a modern-day miracle.

Revolutionary, from the ground up.

Unlike traditional hotels, with all those single rooms off interior hallways, the new St. Paul Hometel has a huge wide-open, lushly landscaped interior courtyard, topped by a brilliant, sky-lighted atrium—all surrounded by floor upon floor of two-room suites. And nothing but.



So every suite has a million-dollar view.

And a private bedroom with its own TV and phone. A separate living room with *its* own TV and phone, a conference-dining table, a queen-size sofa bed, and a galley kitchen with microwave oven, refrigerator, and wet bar.

Breakfast on the house.

Not a continental breakfast in a coffee shop. But a full American-style breakfast served free every morning in the quiet of the courtyard. Eggs cooked to your order, bacon, sausage, hash browns, toast. Hotcakes, fresh fruits, cereals, sweet rolls, juice, coffee, tea and milk. As much as you want. No check. No charge. No tipping.

Happier hour.

In the evening, we hold an open bar, also in the relaxed atmosphere of our courtyard, for two hours of unlimited drinks. For all registered guests and *their* guests. Again with no check, no charge, no tipping.

Etcetera.

We also have meeting facilities: 4,000 square feet of them. Plus free parking. And free airport transportation. A pool, a sauna, a steam room and a Jacuzzi.®

Minneapolis, you're next.

The Suite Life℠ doesn't stop with St. Paul. We have a 3-year-old 219-suite Granada Royale Hometel® on Interstate 494 in Bloomington. And we'll open another 219-suite facility in Centre Village, downtown Minneapolis, in 1984.

The fact is, we're expanding faster than any other hotel company in the business. With the fastest-growing idea in the business: The Suite Idea.℠

GRANADA ROYALE HOMETEL®

ST. PAUL

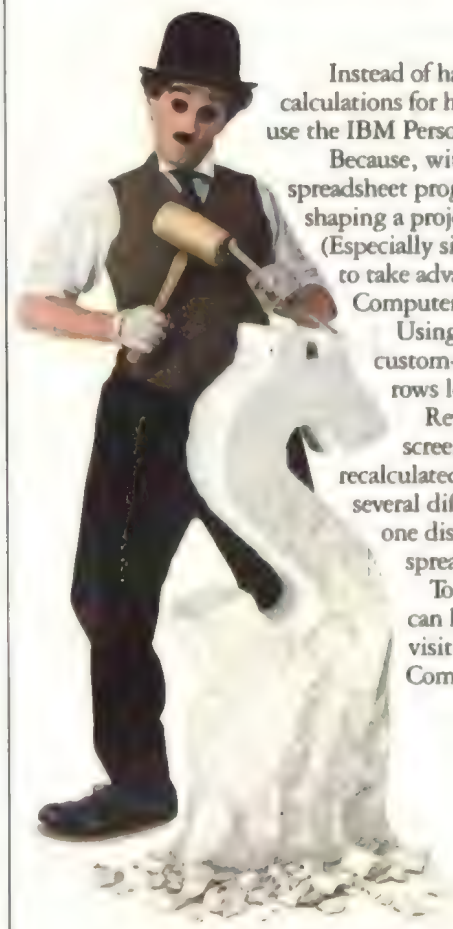
175 E. 10th Street, MN 55105

Toll-free reservations: (800) 528-1445; in Minnesota, (612) 224-5400 collect.

For free directory of rates and other locations, write our Marketing Dept., 450 Newport Center Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660.

©1983 Hometels Management Co., Inc.

How to build a financial model.



Instead of hammering at complex calculations for hours, a businessperson could use the IBM Personal Computer.

Because, with the IBM advanced electronic spreadsheet program called Multiplan,* shaping a projection is fast and easy. (Especially since the software is designed to take advantage of the IBM Personal Computer's advanced features.)

Using simple commands, you can custom-tailor spreadsheets up to 255 rows long by 63 columns wide.

Revise data in one segment of the screen and see figures automatically recalculated in another. Even link several different spreadsheets stored on one diskette, so changes made on one spreadsheet will update the others.

To learn how IBM Multiplan can help mold your financial future, visit an authorized IBM Personal Computer retail dealer.

IBM

The IBM Personal Computer
A tool for modern times

For more information on where to buy the IBM Personal Computer, call **800-447-4700.** In Alaska or Hawaii **800-447-0890.**
* Multiplan is a U.S. trademark of Microsoft

The IBM Personal Computer. See it at a store near you:

ILLINOIS

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
ComputerLand
Sears Business Systems Center

BLOOMINGTON
ComputerLand

BUFFALO GROVE
CompuShop
Entré Computer Center

CARBONDALE
ComputerMart

CHAMPAIGN
ComputerLand

CHICAGO
CompuShop
ComputerLand Stores
Entré Computer Center
IBM Product Centers

DECATUR
Main Street Computer Company

DEERFIELD
Sears Business Systems Center

DOWNERS GROVE
ComputerLand

EDWARDSVILLE
Computer Corner

ELMHURST
ComputerLand

EVANSTON
ComputerLand
Nabih's

HAVANA
Illinois Valley Computers

HOOPOLE
Vern's Farm Systems

JOLIET
ComputerLand

MIDLOTHIAN
CompuShop

MORTON GROVE
CompuShop

MUNDELEIN
ComputerLand

NAPERVILLE
ComputerLand

NILES
ComputerLand

NORTHBROOK
ComputerLand

OAK BROOK
IBM Product Center
OAK LAWN
ComputerLand
OAK PARK
CompuShop
ComputerLand
ORLAND PARK
MicroAge Computer Store
PEORIA
ComputerLand
POSEN
Computers Etc.
ROCKFORD
ComputerLand
ROLLING MEADOWS
CompuShop
ST. CHARLES
ComputerLand
SCHAUMBURG
ComputerLand
SPRINGFIELD
ComputerLand
VILLA PARK
Sears Business Systems Center

MISSOURI

CLAYTON
Computer Depot at Famous Barr
Forsythe Computers
Sears Business Systems Center
CREVE COEUR
Forsythe Computers
MANCHESTER
ComputerLand
MARYLAND HEIGHTS
ComputerLand
ST. ANN
Computer Depot at Famous Barr
ST. LOUIS
Computer Depot at Famous Barr
Forsythe Computers
Photo & Sound Company

A friendly place in a hostel world.

For about the price of a single, we give you a beautiful two-room suite.

Plus a full American breakfast and a two-hour open bar every evening—both free. Come on in from the cold.

GRANADA ROYALE HOMETELS®

SAN ANTONIO, TX
I-10, Callahan Exit or 410 N.W., Cherry Ridge Exit

EL PASO, TX
I-10, Geronimo Exit 2 miles from airport

Toll-free reservations: (800) 528-1445 ©1983 Hometels Management Co

WE ARE THE CABLE TV MOVIE SERVICE FOR MOVIE LOVERS.

If you love movies, you'll love Cinemax. Because each month no other cable TV movie service brings you the glittering range of films Cinemax™ does. Over 55 movies a month! Everything from sentimental favorites right up through today's sensational blockbusters. Something for movie lovers of all ages. All uncut and uninterrupted. All 24 hours a day.

WE ARE YOUR MOVIE STAR.™

TRY TO IDENTIFY THE STARS AND THEIR MOVIES. Paul Newman SLAP SHOT Sally Field ABSENCE OF MALICE James Cagney YANKEE DOODLE DANDY Teresa Wright, Gary Cooper PRIDE OF THE YANKEES John Belushi NEIGHBORS Sylvester Stallone ROCKY III Diane Keaton SHOOT THE MOON Gene Wilder HANKY PANKY © 1983 Home Box Office, Inc. TM service marks of Home Box Office, Inc. Cinemax service is available in areas served by cable TV and selected apartment buildings and private residences.

US
30
30
S-34

When people love their work, it shows.
That's the Spirit of Delta.
If we had to give you only one reason for flying Delta, it would be gratitude.
We've got one of the youngest fleets in the world, some of the roomiest cabins, and we'll take you to over 90 cities.
But none of that can make you smile. Only attitude does that. The kind that brings you an extra cup of coffee when you have to stay sharp, that checks and double-checks to see that you get the most convenient time to come home.
And if you're wondering where all this comes from, well, it comes from people. Our people are happy. Because they love what they do and who they do it for. When people feel that way, they simply have more to give.
That's the Spirit of Delta.
Delta is ready when you are.
Delta Flight Attendant Irene Broda Lutkewitte

Serving the Membership

The A.B.A. stays on its traditional course

Like many another professional organization, the American Bar Association has a popular image of being more concerned about serving its membership than the public interest. At its 105th annual meeting last week in Atlanta, the A.B.A. did little to dispel that perception. Its principal act was to adopt a new code of ethics that, among other things, generally bars attorneys from disclosing prospective criminal conduct by their clients unless it is "likely to result in imminent death or substantial bodily harm."

New President Riley

The new code, which will serve as a model for states, has been in the works since the A.B.A. created a commission in 1977 to draft revised standards. The effort soon struck a reef of controversy over the confidentiality issue. The commission had recommended that attorneys be permitted to disclose certain contemplated illegal actions of clients, such as offering fraudulent stock or planning a bribe. The proposal was voted down at the association's midyear meeting last February. Reformers within the tradition-bound A.B.A. had to take half-a-loaf satisfaction from a compromise last week that would allow attorneys to withdraw if their clients are using them in unlawful schemes; they may also announce their resignation from the case. Said Yale Law Professor Geoffrey Hazard, who helped draft the code: "For practical purposes, that's a signal that something is seriously wrong."

In another self-protecting action, the A.B.A. decided to fight legislation that would give the Federal Trade Commission more power to regulate lawyers, a responsibility now held by state courts and state bar associations. "In that agency in Washington stands a hot, sweaty, dirty, two-ton gorilla with a bad case of halitosis," trumpeted Texas Delegate Frank Jones Jr. "They're asking you to dance with it. I'm saying, don't do it." His colleagues took his message, if not his metaphor. They opposed more FTC oversight by an overwhelming voice vote.

Stirrings of change, however, were perceptible in A.B.A. votes on two social questions:

▶ Should the A.B.A. endorse an extension of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 so that the law would cover membership in private clubs that derive "a substantial portion of income from business sources"? Supporters of the proposal noted that much legal business is transacted in clubs that routinely exclude women or members of minority groups. A nay vote, argued Dennis Archer of Detroit, "would be an A.B.A.-sanctioned blackball against some of your colleagues." The delegates backed the proposal, 183 to 152, although there was no official recommendation that lawyers as individuals should resign membership in discriminatory clubs.

▶ Should the A.B.A. support federal, state and local legislation to prohibit discrimination against homosexuals in employment, housing and public accommodations? Lobbying for the gay rights resolution was Robert Bauman, the ultraconservative Maryland Congressman who lost his seat in the 1980 election after he was arrested for propositioning a 16-year-old youth. Bauman, who publicly admitted his homosexuality for the first time last week, did not renew his membership in the A.B.A. several years ago because "it was getting too liberal for me." The organization was not yet liberal enough to back gay rights. The delegates defeated the proposal by a surprisingly close tally of 158 to 134.

The A.B.A.'s conservative course is unlikely to shift in the near future. In any case, new President Wallace Riley of Detroit would like to de-emphasize issues, at least for the year he holds office. His top priority is increasing the group's membership, which at 300,000 includes only half the attorneys in the U.S. ■

Case of the Fouled Fowl

The perpetrator, a hulking 6-ft. 6-in., 220-lb. Minnesotan, now working in New York City, and last seen in pinstripe knickers. His victim: a frail denizen of Toronto, covered with feathers. The weapon: a spheroid mass of hide, cork and yarn flung carelessly at perhaps 70 m.p.h. So the charge sheet might have read last week on New York Yankee Centerfielder Dave Winfield after his arrest in Toronto for fatally beanballing a herring gull.

The encounter between bird, ball and ballplayer took place before 36,684 paying witnesses in Toronto's Exhibition Stadium, between halves of the fifth inning of a Yankee–Blue Jay game. Winfield had just finished his warmup tosses when he turned and whipped the ball to a ball boy. It hit the hapless gull, which had been idly perched on the turf. A ball boy came out, shrouded the corpse in a towel and tenderly removed it. For Winfield, who spent the rest of the game ducking balls and junk thrown by jeering fans, it marked the ignominious end to an evening of uneven achievements: one single, one double, one seagull.

Ball boy shrouds beaned bird as perplexed Winfield looks on

At the end of the game, which the visiting Yankees won 3-1, police arrested Winfield in the dressing room on charges of "willfully causing unnecessary cruelty to animals." The possible penalty: a fine of up to $500 or six months in jail. Yankee Manager Billy Martin, loser of a dispute involving a home run hit by George Brett's now famous pine-tarred bat, felt that his star was getting a bad rap. "They say Winfield hit the gull on purpose," said Martin. "They wouldn't say that if they could see the throws he's been making all year."

Booked and released after posting a $500 bond, Winfield was suitably remorseful. "It is quite unfortunate," he said, "that a fowl of Canada is no longer with us." Nor is the case. After thinking it over, Toronto police dropped the charge.

Summer with Homer and Vergil

High school teachers get a chance to study the "real stuff"

To win a pay boost or a promotion, secondary school teachers frequently return to college during the summer, often earning credit for taking such soft subjects as "Decision Making and Leadership Development." William Bennett, chairman of the federally financed National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH), had a better idea about the instructors' true wishes. Instead of educational methodology or the latest curriculum fads, he argued, "what teachers want to study is the real stuff, the right stuff." So NEH decided to fund 15 seminars this summer for high school faculty members. The program offered no formal academic credits but did pay teachers up to $2,125 for six weeks while they went back to college for the luxury of studying a great book or two, and all the right stuff: Plato, Thucydides, Homer, Vergil, Chaucer, Alexis de Tocqueville, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Mann.

Bennett's proposal hit a gusher. More than 2,300 teachers from 41 states applied for 225 places in the program. Since nine teachers were rejected for every one accepted, the competition was about as stiff as winning a place in the freshman class at Harvard or Brown. The university professors who taught the seminars made the final selections. "We had about 40 applicants who were on the same level academically as the 15 we picked," says Karl Galinsky, chairman of the classics department at the University of Texas in Austin; he sought the aid of a local high school teacher in reviewing applications for his course on Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and Vergil's *Aeneid*.

In a spacious and sunny room in Waggener Hall, Galinsky last week joined his class of teachers, who clustered informally around a conference table. There was a communal feeling in the group during the friendly discussion. Galinsky wondered if his class saw any change from Homer to Vergil in the ancient poets' view of man in society. Said Barbara Kane, a classical studies teacher from Spring Lake, N.J.: "In the *Aeneid*, there's a definite movement away from the focus on the individual per se—you have a national responsibility to the group." Said Tom Ahern, who teaches Latin in Mashpee, Mass.: "The emphasis is on the individual bowing to the needs of the state, rather than the individual heroism in Homer."

Asked Galinsky: "Would you say that what Homer is doing is more primitive, reflecting an earlier stage of society?" Answered John Amoroso, a history teacher from Boston: "I think that what Vergil is trying to do here is to domesticate some of the virtues that we find in Homer. The problem with the Homeric hero is, ultimately, that he takes individualism to an extreme. In Homer, you could never see a domesticated hero. It's a contradiction of terms. With Vergil, we're seeing the heroic within the social fabric."

Galinsky gave his pupils high marks after the 2½-hour session. Said he: "I'm constantly amazed by their motivation and the amount of initiative displayed in class every day. I've never had such an enterprising group." Galinsky assigns between 250 and 400 pages of weekly reading, which includes critical commentaries on the epics, and some of his students study in the university library until 1 in the morning. They also visited a gallery on campus to examine reproductions of classical sculpture. Says Galinsky: "The thinking originally was that we would teach only the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. When I wanted to add the *Aeneid*, I was told, 'You can't really work high school teachers so hard.' I said, 'Yes, you can.' "

Galinsky's pupils seem to love their assignments. Returning from a recent outing to Laredo, Texas, his charges read the *Iliad* aloud to one another in the car. When Joanne Ichkoff from Skokie, Ill., turned 56 last week, the class read passages from the *Aeneid*—in Latin—at her birthday party. This full immersion in learning has convinced Arlene Gregory, an English teacher from Delaware, Ohio, that the seminar will improve her teaching. Says she: "It's easy to build a wall around yourself and teach students a certain way year after year. I think we'll all go home much better teachers because our excitement about the material will be communicated to the kids."

At the University of Iowa, where English Professor Miriam Gilbert is conducting a six-week course on Shakespeare's plays, the enthusiasm is equally high. Says Gilbert: "They really work tremendously hard and put a lot into it. It's easy to poke at the secondary schools, but there is a lot of commitment out there." Ron White, who teaches theater and fine arts in Wewoka, Okla., believes that Gilbert's seminar is a morale booster for high school instructors, who sense the widespread loss of respect for their profession. "In this program," he says, "high school teachers are recognized as having scholarly interests."

Outside class, the teachers in Gilbert's seminar keep a demanding schedule: along with reading and writing assignments, they attend live performances of Shakespeare's plays and view two dozen videotapes and films of the playwright's works. Says Gilbert: "I'm trying to change the way they teach Shakespeare—to move away from the historical and the literary, and to interest students in the drama."

Seminar students in Texas discussing plaster reproduction of ancient marble statue

Says the professor: "I'm constantly amazed by their motivation and initiative."

NEH's tab for the summer seminars is $777,000, including salaries for the professors, who average between $7,000 and $8,000 for the six weeks. Impressed by the success of this summer's effort, the Mellon Foundation has promised NEH $500,000 to help it expand the program from 15 seminars to 52 next summer; the gift is the largest by a private foundation to the NEH.

Chairman Bennett takes issue with well-wishers who have praised the seminars as being "innovative." He feels the program is in the great tradition of the liberal arts. "There is a lot of talk about back to basics," he says. "This is what back to basics ought to mean." —*By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by Lianne Hart/Austin and Rox A. Laird/Iowa City*

Self-Therapy for the STUTTERER

Send for our 184-page self-therapy book describing how stutterers can help themselves. $2.50
(plus $1.00 handling charge)

Speech Foundation of America
P.O. Box 11749
Memphis, TN 38111

A non-profit organization

Moving?

Make sure TIME moves with you:

1. Send us the mailing label on the front of this magazine to let us know your old address.
2. Write your new address below.
3. Mail this coupon to:
   TIME
   541 North Fairbanks Ct.
   Chicago, Illinois 60611

☐ Please send TIME to my new address:

Mr./Ms. (please print)

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

Please give us 4 weeks' notice if you plan to change your address.

To enter a new subscription or renew your current subscription, order gift subscriptions or have your name removed from the TIME mailing list, please write to the address above. TS1017

Science

Nature's Own H-Bombs

Puzzling bursts of energy in space may be thermonuclear blasts

Since 1963, the Pentagon's Vela satellites have been vigilantly circling the earth, using their electronic sensors to detect radiation from surreptitious nuclear explosions outside the U.S. Though these orbital watchdogs have identified only a few suspicious events, they have accidentally uncovered a major astronomical mystery: violent outbursts of energy, in the form of X rays and gamma rays, that are observable only above the earth's atmospheric shield. Such puzzling "high-energy transients," as scientists call them, rarely last more than ten seconds, yet they pack a wallop as great as a billion billion one-megaton H-bombs.* What could possibly cause such implausibly powerful explosions far out in space?

LOS ALAMOS NATIONAL LABORATORY

Drawing of a gamma-ray burst

The scientists' tentative answers have ranged from warfare between extragalactic civilizations to the total annihilation that occurs when ordinary matter meets antimatter. Now they have settled on a simpler explanation. At a gathering of more than 100 astronomers and astrophysicists at the University of California at Santa Cruz, most of the experts agreed that the starbursts, at least those emitting X rays, are distant thermonuclear explosions. In effect, nature is setting off its own H-bombs. University of California Astrophysicist Stanford Woosley, the conference chairman, said: "It is as if an object 100,000 times brighter than the sun were there one second and gone the next."

Such cosmic violence, the scientists postulated, probably results from the stormy relationship between two companion stars that orbit each other. In this scheme, one member is an ordinary star like the sun. The other is a so-called neutron star; this is essentially a dead star that has run out of nuclear fuel. As its fires die out and the star's gases cool, they explode, with the remnants collapsing upon themselves, and the star shrinks to incredible density. Typically, such a star once had a girth of 100 million miles or more, but now is only a few miles in diameter. A teaspoonful of its material weighs as much as 100 million tons, and the star's gravitational force is so strong that it pulls away a steady stream of gases, mostly hydrogen and helium, from its larger companion. As the gases spiral toward the neutron star, they heat up, reaching such high temperatures (up to 10 million°C) and densities that the atoms of hydrogen smash into each other and fuse. This causes a runaway thermonuclear explosion that spews a torrent of X rays. During the period of calm after the explosion, ranging from a few hours to a few days, enough fresh material piles up on the surface of the neutron star to fuel another giant blast.

Astronomers so far have identified about 30 X-ray bursters, all of them near the center of the Milky Way galaxy. Some have even been observed from the ground with conventional telescopes because the X rays they emit are frequently accompanied by flashes of ordinary light. By contrast, the more powerful gamma-ray bursts, apparently a different phenomenon, are harder to explain. For one thing, they are far more common; they are discovered at the rate of 150 a year. They also occur all over the sky, rather than just in the vicinity of the galactic center. One extraordinary event detected by an international network of satellites on March 5, 1979, still has scientists awed and baffled. It was 100 times as bright as any previous outburst and was spotted in the direction of the Large Magellanic Cloud, a satellite galaxy 150,000 light-years from our own galaxy. The great explosion may have been connected with a supernova, the cataclysmic death of a giant star. Unlike the X-ray bursts, the gamma rays never seem to strike from the same direction. Says French Astronomer Kevin Hurley: "Studying gamma-ray bursts is like trying to study a mirage."

Woosley, who was one of the first scientists to propound the H-bomb explanation for the X rays, thinks the same process is at work in the gamma-ray bursts. In the case of gamma rays, however, the neutron star has powerful magnetic fields that compress the incoming gases so densely that an even more powerful thermonuclear blast is triggered. Other researchers like M.I.T.'s Paul Joss speculate that a comet or asteroid careering into the neutron star might be the cause of an H-bomb-like explosion that produces gamma particles. Still another hypothesis suggests that the blast occurs when the neutron star is rocked by the stellar equivalent of an earthquake. Imaginative as these ideas are, not even their proponents are completely satisfied. "Nature is extraordinarily clever," says Joss. "Certainly she is far more clever than astrophysicists." ■

*A one-megaton bomb is equivalent to a million tons of TNT

While shooting a commercial with the 1980 America's Cup defenders, we saw for ourselves that winning takes skill, dedication, and teamwork. We like to think that describes us as well.

On land and sea, when E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

THE WORLDS OF ART

IMAGINATION'S CHAMBER
Artists and Their Studios
By Alice Bellony-Rewald and Michael Peppiatt
From the great masters to the modern innovators—from David and Ingres to De Kooning and Hockney—this book shows us the special worlds in which artists have lived and worked. "Engrossing."—*Publishers Weekly*
16 color, 180 b&w illus. 240 pp.
9 x 10½ $45.00

EL GRECO OF TOLEDO
Contributions by Jonathan Brown, William B. Jordan, Richard L. Kagan, and Alfonso E. Pérez Sánchez
A permanent record of the unprecedented "once in a lifetime" touring exhibition and a major book on the artist. "An art historical event in itself."
—Dore Ashton, *Arts*
77 color, 185 b&w illus. 276 pp.
8 5/16 x 11 1/16 $35.00

AMERICAN FOLK PORTRAITS
Paintings and Drawings from the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Center
Beatrix T. Rumford, General Editor
Beguiling art and exhaustive scholarship are joined in this catalog of the portraits in what may be the finest public collection of American folk art. "This eye-filling volume is the best on the subject."—*Library Journal*
94 color, 225 b&w illus. 304 pp.
9 x 11 $39.95

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONISM
By Richard J. Boyle
The long-awaited paperback edition of the only general survey of American impressionism. "Lushly illustrated, well and interestingly written."—*Art Gallery*
46 color, 150 b&w illus. 224 pp.
10⅛ x 11¼ $17.95 paper
(also in cloth, $32.50)

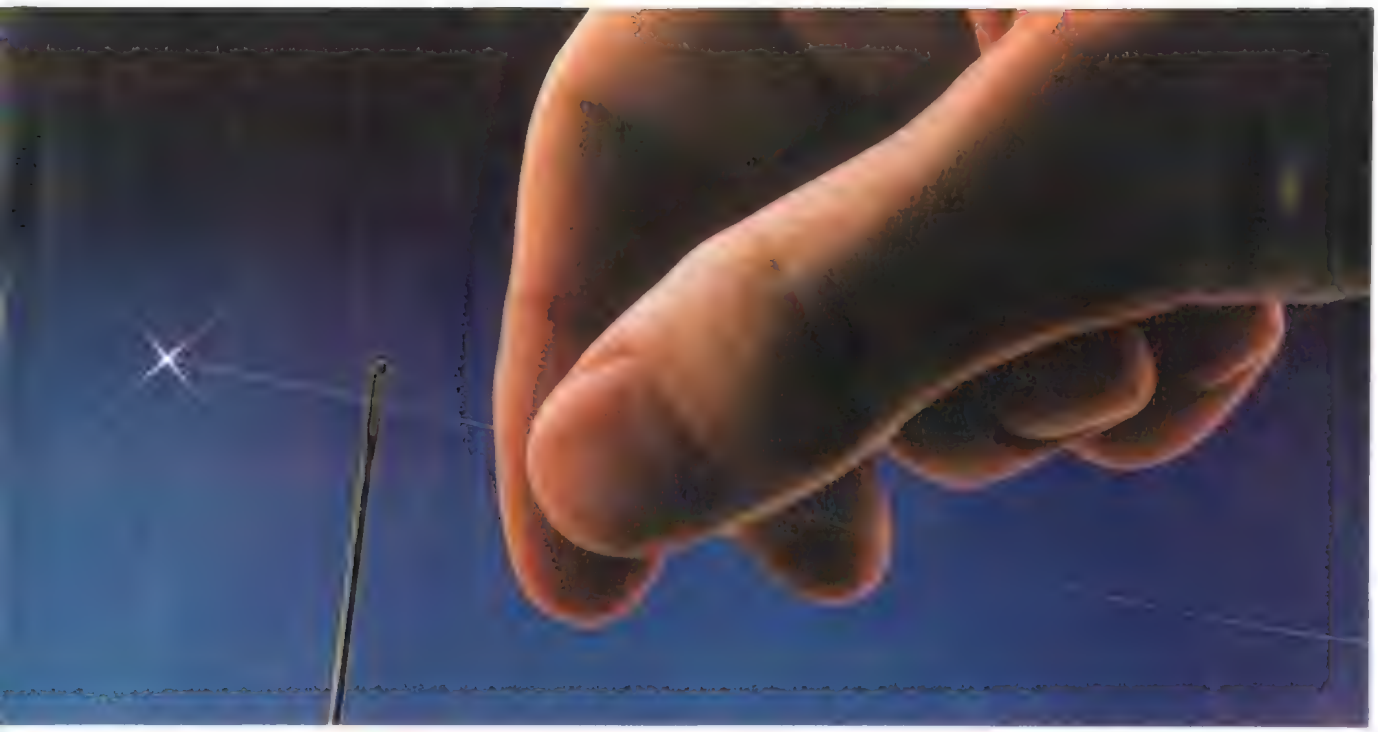
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN REALISM SINCE 1960
By Frank H. Goodyear, Jr.
The first substantial, comprehensive study of recent realist painting and sculpture in its diverse guises, written by the curator who organized the major traveling exhibition. "Unflaggingly intelligent...rewarding reading—and fascinating-looking."
—*Print Collectors Newsletter*
59 color, 150 b&w illus.
256 pp. $32.50

More pictures perfect from

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY BOOKS/ LITTLE, BROWN

34 Beacon Street
Boston, Mass. 02106

Write for our free catalog



IMAGINE.

Thousands of telephone conversations traveling simultaneously over fibers, each thinner than a thread.

There is a vast, far-reaching revolution that's sweeping the telecommunications industry. A revolution that will significantly change the way people live and work.

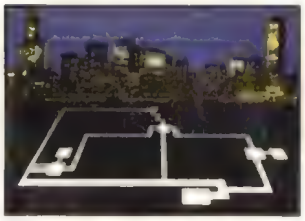
It's called the Information Age, and even though it's destined to change the future, it's happening today.

At Illinois Bell, we're already at work installing the telecommunications network this future will need. It's our new lightwave network that has the capability to transmit both voice and non-voice communications. Instead of electrical signals, this new network uses tiny lasers to flash digital signals of light through optical fibers of hair-like ultra-pure glass.

Because the light pulses off and on millions of times a second, huge volumes of information can be transmitted incredibly fast.

For example, a single pair of lightguide optical fibers can carry 1,344 two-way conversations at once. And a single lightguide cable the thickness of your finger can carry as many as 96,000 simultaneous conversations. To equal that capacity, it would take 36 copper-wire cables, each as thick as your arm.

The potential for lightwave communications is nothing less than staggering. Technological improvements already in the works will increase network capacities by factors of two and three in the near future.



Construction was begun in February on the Chicago Central Area Lightwave Network that will link seven of our downtown switching centers. The entire 8-mile network will go into full operation in 1984.

Imagine, being able to transmit Webster's entire 2700-page unabridged dictionary in just three seconds! Or the contents of the Library of Congress—more than 20 million volumes—in a day.

In addition to being faster and more flexible, the lightwave network is also less expensive to install and easier to maintain.

At Illinois Bell, we've been planning our role in the Information Age for a long time. And, as you can see, we've also been doing something about it.

Because as we see it, the future will need a communications network that's exactly like the one we're building today.

Illinois Bell

Say hello to the future.

© Illinois Bell 1983

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Dec '81 FTC Report or FTC method

NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS

The proof is all around us.

NOW

THE LOWEST

CONFIRMED BY THE LATEST U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON TAR

THE BEST DEAL ON A PHONE IS RIGHT IN YOUR HOME.

Doesn't it make sense to own the Bell phone you lease? The one you're already happy with. The one that's already proved itself to you.

Now you can own it, instead of leasing it. Pay for it once. So in the long run, you could save money.

This is a new choice from your Bell Telephone Company for any Bell Touch-Tone® or Rotary Standard, Princess® or Trimline® phone in your home.

Of course you can continue leasing, if you choose, with maintenance included. That may be best for you. But if you want to own the phone in your home, just call toll free 1 800 227-5000 for more information. Or send in the coupon.

It's the best deal on a phone. Because it's right in your bedroom, den, living room, bathroom, hallway, basement or patio.

1 800 227-5000

or mail to: Telephone Offer, Box 49209, Atlanta, GA 30359 Offer not yet available in a few areas.

Name

Address

City State

Zip Code Phone

Your Bell Telephone Company.

Buy or lease, we give you a choice.

As the U.S. currency soars, traders at the International Monetary Market in Chicago frantically shout out their bids

Economy & Business

Reining In the Runaway Dollar

Its record strength delights American tourists, but could choke the recovery

Rolf Sellge, senior vice president of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., noticed it as a sharp rise in the din outside his office. Traders at the International Monetary Market in Chicago responded to it with arm waving and raucous bids. In financial offices around the world, tensions rose as the news flashed across video screens and was relayed in frantic telephone deals: the price of the U.S. dollar was surging to record levels. The dollar fetched 8.06 French francs at the start of the week, the highest rate in more than 60 years, and also commanded 2.68 deutsche marks, a nine-year high. "The dollar's bandwagon was rolling at such a speed that it seemed that nothing could stop it," said Julian Snyder, editor of a newsletter that follows international money markets.

In fact, a concerted international effort was being mounted in an attempt to stop it. In a break with the free-market principles of the Reagan Administration, the U.S. last week joined France, Japan, Switzerland and West Germany in pumping an estimated $2 billion into foreign-exchange markets in an effort to restrain the rampaging dollar. For most of the previous two years, the Administration had been content to watch as the dollar persistently climbed in value.

While a vigorous currency can be a source of national pride, the dollar's exceptional strength is causing alarm at home as well as abroad. Many experts fear that unless it can be throttled back, the dollar could threaten the recovery from the recession that ended last November. Says Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson: "The rise in the value of the dollar is putting the world economy on an extremely dangerous course. It has prevented Europe from having a healthy rebound and is placing tremendous pressure on developing countries. For the U.S. it has meant an absolutely miserable performance when it comes to exporting American products."

The dollar has become the world's strongest currency because record federal budget deficits have combined with the Federal Reserve Board's tight money policies to drive up U.S. interest rates. The high rates have then served as a magnet for funds from investors ranging from Japanese manufacturers to Arab oil sheiks. This vast influx of foreign cash, which totals $40 billion so far this year, creates a growing demand for U.S. currency and pushes up its value. Last week U.S. interest rates seemed to be heading higher. The Government reported that July unemployment had tumbled to an annual rate of 9.5%, the lowest level in 13 months. That news, however welcome, is likely to mean a rising demand for credit as newly employed workers head for the stores. In another development, Banc-Texas Group, a Dallas-based holding company with 14 member banks, raised its prime rate to 11% from 10½%. Some experts believe that major banks have delayed similar moves for weeks to avoid jeopardizing a proposed $8.1 billion increase in U.S. assistance to the International Monetary Fund. The House of Representatives last week approved that increase, which had been pushed by the Administration but attacked by critics as a bailout for U.S. banks that made massive loans to developing countries.

Fears of rising interest rates spread through Wall Street late in the week and led to a 14.7-point one-day drop in the stock market. The sell-off appeared to

have been triggered in part by predictions of rising credit costs. The Dow Jones industrial average closed last week at 1183.29 after falling nearly 50 points during the preceding ten trading days.

The dollar has drawn added strength from foreign investors seeking a refuge from the uncertainties of their own countries. One leading U.S. banker estimates that wealthy Asians, Africans and Latin Americans have put at least $100 billion into American stocks, bonds, real estate and other investments since 1981.

The migration of funds to the U.S. has created a dilemma for other nations. They must jack up their own interest rates to compete with U.S. levels if they hope to keep the money from departing. But the higher rates will then dampen their economies. "Germany has already let its interest rates drift up since spring," notes Hans Mast, chief economist for Crédit Suisse in Zurich. "If American rates don't drop by fall, European rates will have to start moving up." Says Economist Heller: "The international costs and consequences of our interest rates are really incalculable."

The greatest damage has been inflicted on U.S. industries, however: foreign imports have become alluringly cheap and American exports forbiddingly expensive. The result: record U.S. trade gaps that could exceed $60 billion this year and reach a staggering $100 billion in 1984. "Having a $100 billion trade deficit is like suicide," says Otto Eckstein, chairman of Data Resources, a Massachusetts-based economic forecasting firm. "It will mean more plant closings and more unemployment." Data Resources estimates that more than 1 million worker layoffs in the past two years were caused by the strength of the dollar.

The currency's value also has sliced into the profits that U.S. firms make abroad. Their income shrinks when it is translated from cheap foreign currencies into expensive dollars for accounting purposes. Such procedures resulted in trimming the aggregate earnings of U.S. firms by $10 billion in the first quarter of 1983, according to Data Resources.

But muscular dollars also have advantages. American tourists have been enjoying foreign vacations this summer at highly attractive prices because of the purchasing power of their dollars. A night in a moderately priced London hotel currently costs about $67, compared with nearly $90 three years ago. Many travelers are so confident the dollar will continue rising that they have been waiting until they reach their destinations to exchange money.

At home, meanwhile, Americans have been saving on imported goods ranging from French wines to Japanese videotape recorders. A top-of-the-line German camera that cost $1,159 last year now sells for about $950. Experts estimate that the strong dollar has cut some $700 from the sticker price of a new Toyota Corolla. Robert Ortner, chief economist for the Commerce Department, says that the dollar's strength "makes the vast majority of consumers very happy. But they don't have a spokesman."

Cheaper imports have also helped the U.S. control inflation. Wholesale prices dropped at an annual rate of 1% in the first half of 1983, for example, marking the first six-month decline since 1967. Consumer prices climbed just 2.6% over the past year; that twelve-month increase was the smallest in 15 years.

The flood of foreign money into the U.S., moreover, helps to finance the federal deficit because part of the funds go into Government securities. In all, foreign investors now hold $173 billion, or about 15%, of all U.S. Government debt.

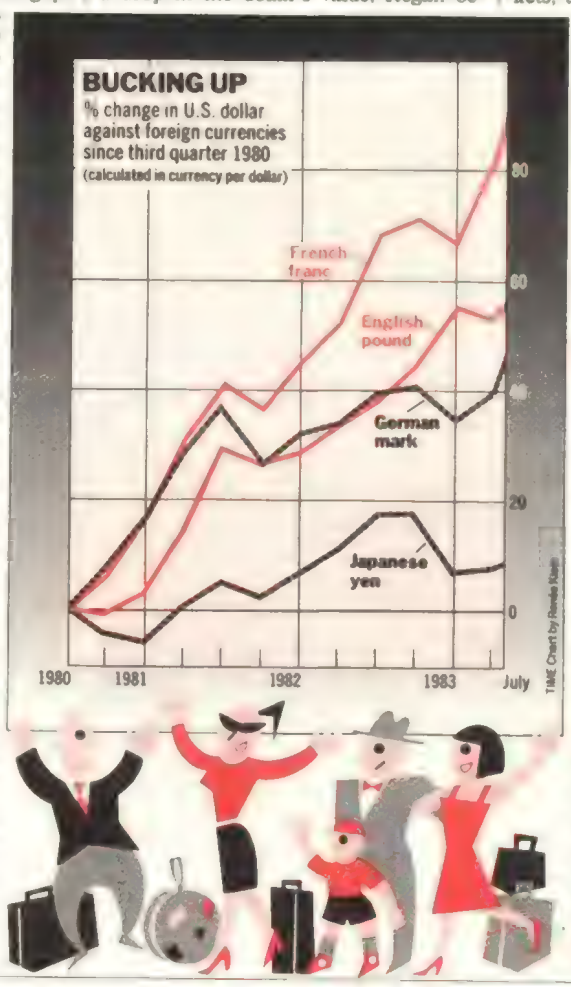
The decision to plunge into the foreign-exchange market was made two weeks ago by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, who is responsible for such transactions. Although he had been predicting a drop in the dollar's value, Regan became alarmed while monitoring the U.S. currency's surge on a desktop computer in his office. He gave the order to intervene quietly on July 29 after talking with Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker and other officials. The U.S. acted with West Germany for one trading day before the other nations joined in last week.

At first, traders hardly noticed the intervention. Foreign-exchange markets swap tens of billions of dollars' worth of currency daily, and the U.S. actions had little impact. "The markets were not impressed," said one European banking official. To get their attention, Washington had to announce formally that it was intervening. That worked briefly, but once the psychological effect of the announcement had worn off, the dollar started climbing again and hit new records at the end of the week.

The joint intervention was the largest since 1979, when the Carter Administration launched a $30 billion effort to prop up what was then a sinking dollar. The Reagan White House, by contrast, has preferred a hands-off policy toward the currency's price. After the attempted presidential assassination in 1981, it stepped in to calm foreign-exchange markets, and it did so again last October, largely to ease jitters over a possible Brazilian default. But each time Washington pumped in no more than $100 million.

The U.S. grudgingly agreed at the Williamsburg economic summit in May to consider more ambitious actions. Under prodding from French President François Mitterrand, Washington said it would help stabilize foreign-exchange markets whenever trading became unusually hectic. Some foreign officials, however, had doubted that the Reagan Administration would honor that agreement. Said French Finance Minister Jacques Delors early last week: "The Americans mock Europe and pursue their policies with insensitivity. They only do what's in their own interest."

Most private experts and foreign leaders agree, however, that the U.S. will have to slash the federal budget deficit to well below $200 billion before it can effectively contain its currency. "You simply won't get any change in the dollar until the budget process is brought under control," argues Rimmer de Vries, chief international economist for Morgan Guaranty Trust. The deficit for the coming year is now estimated at $180 billion or so, but it may have to shrink a lot more before any Government intervention will stop the U.S. from serving as a magnet for cash from around the world. —*By John Greenwald. Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*



Safety Brake

GM is sued over its X-cars

When they were introduced in April 1979, General Motors' X-model autos made a huge hit with buyers. By the end of the first model year, 1.1 million of the economical front-wheel-drive cars were sold under the names Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark. The X-cars, however, turned out to be less a salesman's dream than a mechanic's nightmare. Since they initially appeared in showrooms, they have been subjected to ten recalls, involving 967,603 vehicles (some were recalled more than once) for defects ranging from faulty fuel-tank clamps to cracked steering gears.

No part of the car has been more dangerously problem-prone than the rear brakes, and last week the Government took extraordinary steps to force GM to fix them. The Justice Department filed a $4 million lawsuit demanding that the company recall all 1.1 million X-cars made in 1980, the first model year. Moreover, the department accused GM of endangering its customers by covering up the car's defects. The suit charges that GM failed to notify properly either the Government or car owners about the problems and that the company lied when asked about them.

The dispute over X-car brakes began in November 1979, when the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration began an investigation after complaints that when the brakes were applied even moderately, the rear wheels tended to lock and throw the car into a skid. After much prodding, GM announced a recall of 47,371 X-cars some 20 months later. But it did not repair the brake defect successfully. Last January N.H.T.S.A. declared that about 320,000 of the cars were unsafe. In February 1983, GM ordered a second recall of 240,000 cars. N.H.T.S.A. still considered the action inadequate. The Government charges that the brake defect has caused 71 injuries and 15 deaths.

In its suit, the Justice Department contends that GM knew about the brake problem in 1978, when the car was in the prototype stage, and that although GM changed the brakes in subsequent models, it made no attempt to warn owners during the 1980 model year. In addition, the suit charges that GM gave "false and misleading responses in at least 18 instances" after N.H.T.S.A. began its investigation. Examples: GM said it received fewer complaints than it actually had, falsely claimed that it made no written analysis of the problem and denied that it had changed the brake design in the 1981 model year.

GM has vigorously protested the Government allegations. It contends that insurance statistics show that the X-cars "have one of the best safety records for cars of their size." The company contends that the suit was prompted by intragovernmental squabbling. Indeed, N.H.T.S.A. is under investigation for allegedly moving too slowly on the recall. Last week the General Accounting Office complained about irregularities and holdups. Colorado Democrat Timothy Wirth, who has been looking into similar charges in his House Telecommunications, Consumer Protection and Finance Committee, said N.H.T.S.A.'s record in the X-car case was one of "unconscionable delays."

If GM fixes the brakes on the 1.1 million cars, the cost could reach an estimated $170 million. Whatever the outcome of the suit, the greater cost has been to the reputation of the car. Although GM insists that it will keep the X-cars in production, they appear to be undergoing a slow phase-out. Only 237,000 have been built during the 1983 model year, down 41% from last year. As with another problem-plagued GM model from two decades ago, the Corvair, the poor public image of the X-cars is hastening their eclipse in the showroom. ■

A 1980 Chevrolet Citation during an independent road test in Mesa, Ariz.

From a salesman's dream to a mechanic's nightmare and a $4 million federal lawsuit.

Worker in a People's Republic silk mill

China Deal

Ending a trade tiff on textiles

Though low-cost Chinese textile exports command less than 1% of the $100 billion U.S. market, they have grown at an average rate of 70% annually for the past three years. Among foreign textile suppliers to the U.S., China now trails only Taiwan, Hong Kong and South Korea. Prodded by the U.S. Government, the top three agreed to set a limit of 1.5% to 2% on the growth of their exports this year. The U.S. was willing to allow the Chinese an increase of slightly more than 2%, but Peking demanded 6%. When negotiations collapsed in January, the U.S. imposed quotas to hold the growth of Chinese textile imports to roughly 1.5%.

The Chinese retaliated by halting orders for American wheat. In recent years, China had become the top foreign customer for U.S. wheat, buying an average of 7 million tons annually, worth nearly $1 billion. Kansas Senator Robert Dole, a powerful Republican leader and farmers' advocate, last month urged President Reagan to press ahead with talks aimed at a Chinese textile deal, citing "the cost being paid by U.S. wheat farmers."

Last week U.S. and Chinese negotiators finally reached a compromise. Under the plan, which covers 33 types of products ranging from shirts to printed cloth, Chinese imports will be allowed to grow about 3% annually. After the agreement was signed, Chinese grain dealers were back in the market for U.S. wheat.

The deal was criticized by partisans on both sides of the issue. U.S. textile workers complained that increased imports would exacerbate a ten-year decline in jobs. Many economists argued, meanwhile, that any restrictions on imports would cause U.S. shoppers to pay unnecessarily high prices for clothing. ■

Elusive Target

Where is Marc Rich?

In a milieu that abounds in shadowy figures, Marc Rich is one of the most elusive of all. Probably the world's biggest independent dealer in crude oil, Rich, 49, leads an intensely private life, is rarely photographed and gives no interviews. His money, however, talks. He was the secret partner in the $722 million purchase of 20th Century-Fox in 1981. He is believed to be the "mystery buyer" who the same year tried to corner the global market for tin. The Belgian-born Rich, whose family fled to New York during World War II, found his calling 30 years ago as a metals trader after dropping out of New York University. The Swiss-based commodities firm he founded in 1974, Marc Rich & Co. AG, is now one of the largest in the world, trading an annual volume of $10 billion worth of oil, gold, aluminum, sulfur and sugar, among other things. Rich's personal fortune is estimated at more than $100 million. "Everybody is amazed at his commercial success," says Oil-Industry Consultant Walter Levy, "without quite knowing how he did it."

The U.S. Government, for one, is determined to find out. The Justice Department believes the company carried out a "massive tax-fraud scheme" in 1980 by diverting some $20 million in profits from its subsidiary in New York City to its headquarters in Switzerland. The department's probe has resulted in a prolonged legal face-off with the firm. The latest crisis came last week, when Federal Judge Leonard Sand threatened to freeze up to $55 million in Marc Rich & Co. assets at some 20 domestic banks and companies, a move which would have paralyzed the company's U.S. operations.

The confrontation began in April 1982, when a federal grand jury started looking into charges that during the 1970s the Rich firm had sold price-controlled oil through a complicated series of trades that resulted in illegally inflated profit margins. In addition, federal prosecutors accused the Swiss company of covering up the profits by selling oil to its U.S. subsidiary at an artificially high rate. Since the subsidiary then resold the oil at lower market rates, it incurred a sizable loss in the U.S., thus escaping income taxes.

To evaluate the charges, the grand jury demanded to see some of Marc Rich & Co.'s files. The firm refused, contending that a Swiss company need not honor a U.S. subpoena and that, in any case, the transactions among its divisions were made according to fair-market prices. Last fall Judge Sand issued a contempt citation against the company. He ordered a $50,000 fine for each day that it failed to release the documents, a penalty that could total $27.5 million by the time the grand jury disbands. In June, Marc Rich & Co. secretly sold its U.S. division to a group of the parent company's officers, all foreign nationals. U.S. Attorney Morris Weinberg called the maneuver an "egregious deception" designed to bolster the firm's claim of foreign immunity.

Rich started his career with Manhattan-based Philipp Brothers, then a quiet company (now Philbro-Salomon) of metals traders. He became something of a protégé of Ludwig Jesselson, the company's head. After assignments in Bolivia and Spain, he returned to New York and built the company's lucrative oil-trading department. He made a killing during the 1973 Arab oil embargo, but the company declined to pay the seven-figure commission he demanded and he left in a huff. With partner Pincus ("Pinky") Green, a fellow *Wunderkind* trader from Philbro, he established his own firm with headquarters in Zug, an Alpine town 14 miles south of the financial center of Zurich.

As his company's troubles have become public, some customers say they are

The commodity trader's headquarters in Zug
A "massive tax-fraud scheme"?

shying away. The firm has changed its name in the U.S. to Clarendon Ltd. and has taken down the Marc Rich signs around its Fifth Avenue offices. Rich himself has moved out of his Park Avenue apartment, and is believed to be working out of the Zug offices. Two weeks ago, Clarendon sent out notices telling its customers it would conduct business as usual during the freeze, but since then Judge Sand has prohibited those reassurances on pain of further contempt citations.

The increasing pressure finally compelled lawyers for Marc Rich & Co. to agree late last week to deliver the contested documents within two weeks. But Rich, who was once described by a former colleague as being "like granite," may find new ways to go on stonewalling his accusers. ■

Ma Who?

AT&T loses a familiar name

Charles Brown, chairman of American Telephone and Telegraph, admitted that the decision had been arrived at "reluctantly" and might be considered a "cave-in." But the alternative would be more court battles and uncertainty and, said Brown, "we're anxious to get the decks cleared and eager to go forward." So, without further argument or appeals, AT&T announced last week that it had agreed to give up its historic Bell name and blue-and-white telephone logo. Federal Judge Harold Greene had ruled last month that the trademarks should belong to AT&T's local operating companies, which are scheduled to split off into seven independent regional units on Jan. 1. Bell Laboratories can retain the name, as can AT&T's foreign operations.

By accepting Greene's decision, AT&T has apparently ended the legal saga that began in 1974, when the Justice Department filed suit to break up the world's largest company (1982 assets: $148 billion). To settle that suit, AT&T agreed in January 1982 to spin off its operating companies, but since then Greene has called for many changes in the reorganization plan. For example, he ordered that the operating companies be allowed to use AT&T patents and to license them to any manufacturer of telephone equipment. This will mean that the operating units can line up several suppliers of equipment rather than rely on the Western Electric manufacturing arm of AT&T. The Justice Department, AT&T and Greene all agreed last week on the final details of the reorganization.

Wall Street welcomed the news, which eliminated one last shred of doubt over the AT&T breakup. On the day of the company's announcement, AT&T shares were the most actively traded on the New York Stock Exchange; their price jumped some $2, to about $63. When the divestiture occurs, stockholders will still have the same number of shares in the new AT&T as they had in the old company. In addition, investors will receive one share in each of the seven new regional companies for every ten AT&T shares they now hold.

Dropping the Bell name will be expensive for AT&T. For one thing, the company has already spent $30 million advertising its American Bell subsidiary, which was formed a year ago to offer a broad range of communications products and eventually to move into the computer business. Now that unit must adopt a new name: AT&T Information Systems. The company has been experimenting with a new logo in its promotion: a globe instead of the stylized bell. It symbolizes, says Brown, the determination of the new AT&T to be a world leader in communications and information services. ■

After the Mill Shuts Down

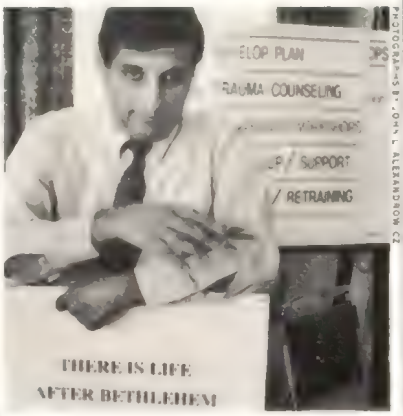
How Bethlehem Steel helps laid-off workers find new careers

The rapid decline of the once mighty American steel industry has made messes out of thousands of lives. Workers who have lost their jobs must often cope not only with disruption and financial strain but also with intense emotional turmoil. One steelworker spent nine days in bed after being laid off. Some berate spouses, drink destructively, abuse children or even try to kill themselves. Wives sometimes become hysterical. One unemployed steelworker's family sought counseling because its child had stopped speaking.

The latest quarterly reports of the two biggest steel companies sum up the grim state of the industry. U.S. Steel lost $112 million during the April-June period; Bethlehem lost $93 million on top of its nearly $1.15 billion deficit in the fourth quarter of last year, the largest ever for any American company. For the men and women who still make steel, the loss reports are ominous at the very least. For the 104,000 steelworkers already laid off, the bad news underscores what they have long known: perhaps as many as 30,000 of them will never again work at the trade that was once the symbol of American power and pride.

One major steelmaker, however, is trying to help dislocated employees understand that the end of a steelmaking job is not the end of the road. Bethlehem, where employment has gone from a peak of 115,000 in 1975 to 48,500 at present, was the first major U.S. corporation to develop a comprehensive program to deal with the emotional impact of permanent layoffs.

In many companies, it is not unusual for fired top- and middle-level executives to be provided with secretarial help, résumé-writing assistance and psychic support from counselors who help them vent anger and wage effective job campaigns. Bethlehem was the first big firm to give white- and blue-collar employees the same kind of help. It maintains "career continuation centers" for displaced people in Johnstown and Bethlehem, Pa., and in Lackawanna, N.Y., near Buffalo, site of an 83-year-old plant whose shutdown was announced three days after Christmas.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. ALEXANDROPOULOS

Industrial Relations Coordinator Ross

The end of the job is not the end of the road.

The Lackawanna center functions as a touchstone for 3,000 former Bethlehem employees, and is preparing for 3,100 more who will go on layoff before the year is out. So far, most of the people using the center are foremen or white-collar professionals, those least accustomed to periodic layoffs. The Steelworkers union, still angry at Bethlehem's action, has been slow to embrace the program, finding it unsuitable for its members who, as one union man said, "have jobs, not careers."

The center is housed in a spacious office once used for accounts payable. In the corner, a tree from last Christmas still stands, a reminder of the unfortunate timing of Lackawanna's death knell.

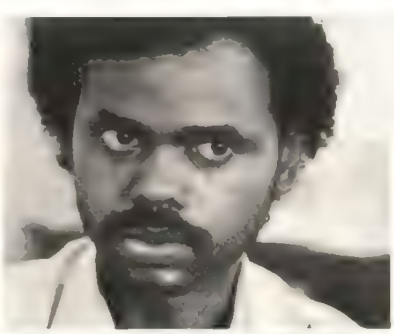
Employees are given a tour of the center in groups of ten or 20 before they are laid off. There is a bulletin board with 500 job listings, most of them technical, as well as 25 desks with telephones. In a corner are references like *The National Job Finding Guide*.

Once they are laid off, workers may choose to participate in a two-day seminar on job-seeking techniques that includes tips on how to write a résumé, dress for interviews, and use friends and relatives in the job search. They get up to 30 hours of psychological testing to help them overcome denial of their joblessness and the frequent "Why me?" syndrome. Among other things, they are asked to write down their work experiences. That act alone can help restore confidence and a sense of worth.

For those suffering from more severe anger, humiliation or depression, professional one-on-one counseling is provided. There is a telephone hotline for suicidal or otherwise deeply disturbed former employees. Says James Ross, a senior industrial-relations coordinator at Bethlehem: "Only something akin to death counseling can help these workers."

Meanwhile, the search for job leads goes on constantly. Says Michael Hubbard, the Lackawanna center's director: "Only 15% of available jobs are advertised. We have to dig up the other 85%." They were successful in the case of a 42-year-old industrial engineer in Bethlehem's robotics operations. "I could not accept it at first," he said. "I was always above the crowd. Then suddenly I had the props knocked out. It can destroy your confidence in one day." With the support of his wife and Bethlehem's family counseling, he wound up in another city with a better-paying job in his field. Now, says he, "I feel like a success, and pity those left behind at Bethlehem."

If they participate in the program and gear emotionally for a job search, some 55% to 65% of laid-off Bethlehem people find jobs within 90 days. Unlike the engineer who got a raise, though, nearly all must settle for less money. For the others, the centers provide a place to go during the day and swap notes. As they talk, workers show a strong resolve to avoid depending on any one job. Wilfred Morrison, 31, a former management trainee, has set up his own distributorship for hose and hose fittings. Says he: "No one will control my destiny again." Everyone seems determined to follow the hopeful dictum of a new sign in the lobby of one of the centers that says THERE IS LIFE AFTER BETHLEHEM. It replaced one that read STEEL IS BEAUTIFUL. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/Bethlehem*



Ex-employees who have used the centers: Engineer Thomas Conlan, Distributor Wilfred Morrison and 30-year Veteran Jim Sprowls

Sharing That Syndication Gravy

An FCC ruling allows the networks to sop up some of the profits

Old television programs do not die; they go into syndication. *M*A*S*H*, which left the CBS schedule in February after eleven years of increasing popularity, is syndicated to hundreds of independent stations around the U.S.: it can be seen ten times weekly in New York City alone. Golden oldies like *The Honeymooners* and *I Love Lucy* have been in syndication for more than a decade. There is big money in syndicating such shows. The independent stations pay top rates for them to cash in on advertising revenues. After syndication fees are deducted, many of the dollars that flow back to the producers are pure profit, since production costs have been largely recovered. *M*A*S*H*, for example, will gross at least $250 million, and probably much more, during its years in syndication. In a major ruling last week, the Federal Communications Commission tentatively decided that the three commercial networks can share in the estimated $800 million worth of annual rerun gravy.

By a 3-to-1 vote, the commission would modify a 1970 regulation decreeing that the networks could not collect any money from U.S. syndication of shows. Now the networks will be permitted to buy syndication rights to a prime-time entertainment show, in hopes of reselling them at a profit after it becomes popular. More significantly, they will be permitted to buy a share in a show's eventual profits from syndication.

Under the ruling, although the networks can retain profit shares indefinitely, they must sell syndication rights by the time shows have been on the air for five years, the usual period before they go into syndication. That would prevent networks from withholding shows from the market. And they have no say in when or where the syndicated programs are aired. In many U.S. cities, syndicated *M*A*S*H* programs run head-to-head with, say, the CBS *Evening News*, winning audiences and advertiser dollars from network programs. By 1990, two commissioners said, even that regulatory vestige should be dropped, and the networks should be able to control the syndication of some programs.

The commission also decided to drop another 1970 rule that barred networks from financing and owning TV programs produced by others. Except for news shows and documentaries, such programs account for most network offerings.

The FCC staff began having second thoughts in the late 1970s about the earlier decision. By removing the networks as sources of financing for new TV shows, the commission in effect turned production almost totally over to the major studios like Paramount, Universal, Warner Bros. and Twentieth Century-Fox, and to the big independents like MTM, Lorimar and Spelling, who are able to afford the megabucks necessary to launch a new program. That, reasoned the staff in a 1980 report, simply concentrated the program supply power in fewer hands instead of dispersing it.

The 1970 action stemmed from a fear that without such restrictions, ABC, CBS and NBC would gain virtual monopoly control over the business of supplying programs. Now, however, the FCC noted, the markets for programs have altered drastically. Independent stations and emerging cable-television and video-cassette operations have taken a growing share of the TV audience away from the networks. Hence the networks' potential monopoly may not exist. The networks, under the ruling, would be allowed to finance and own up to 100% of new shows.

The networks' victory was not total, since they wanted total repeal of the restrictions. Also, the FCC must now permit the public to comment on its decision, and a few months could pass before the ruling becomes effective. Said David Boies, a lawyer for CBS: "We're pleased they went as far as they did. We're disappointed they didn't go farther."

The FCC hopes that the new sources of money for program development from the three networks will help diversify TV's offerings. But in Hollywood, independent producers shuddered at the commission's actions. Alan Horn, president of Norman Lear's Embassy Communications, feared that the ruling meant that new shows would once again be dictated by the networks. Said he: "The networks will be even more powerful tomorrow than they are today." He recalled that even so small an issue as whether Archie Bunker should be seen diapering his grandson had been contested by CBS. Viewers saw Archie change the diapers, but only because CBS did not want to alienate Embassy, which had other big winners on the air at the time: *Maude*, *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons*.

Said Mel Blumenthal, executive vice president of MTM: "Independent producers will become little more than robots responding to the whims of networks." Without being able to anticipate full revenues from syndication, producers argued, they would have no incentive to swallow losses on offbeat new shows. The award-winning *Hill Street Blues*, for example, is supplied to NBC by MTM at a loss of $1.43 million a year. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles*

***Hill Street Blues*: a losing path to gold**

***M*A*S*H* crew ca. 1978: still stealing audiences and advertiser dollars from network programs**

The Government wants to promote program diversity, but the independents fret over control.

Gelato by the Superscoopful

Rich and vivid, Italian-style ice cream invades and conquers

Not all historians agree that the future King Henry II of France married Italy's Catherine de Médicis for her ice cream recipes in 1533. Some say he liked her pasta more. In any case, the Italians lost a daughter but not a dish. They have remained, to this day, among the world's supreme ice cream makers. Americans, who are the world's supreme ice cream gulpers (15 quarts per capita per annum), are only now beginning to make that luscious discovery en masse. In the heat-racked summer of '83, people are screaming for all kinds of ice cream, including one innovation that isn't ice cream at all. But the loudest, longest cries are for *gelato*.

Beverly Hills buffs getting a subtle, supercreamy, hypercalorific fix of their favorite

Jell-*ah*-toe! It even sounds like a minor Italian poet. Actually, the Italian word for ice cream means nothing more lyrical than "frozen." But at its subtle, supercreamy best, it is as different from the standard American variety as Soave is from 7Up. The best *gelato*, as adapted to American tastes, is much richer in butterfat, the soul of ice cream, than the familiar commercial American brands. Little or no air is pumped into it, making for a deep, intensified taste. And the flavors, natural and innocent of chemicals, can seem, singly or in combination, as impassioned as an aria sung by Pavarotti.

As with many American innovations, *gelato* has swirled out from California. In the past year, several scoopfuls of competing companies have opened retail shops in Beverly Hills, Marina del Rey, Studio City and other communities. Some of the stores, notably the dozen or so high-tech outlets owned by the San Francisco–based Gelato Classico chain, cannot meet the demand. Some, like Al Gelato in Elmwood Park outside Chicago and the art deco Gelati per Tutti on Hollywood's trendy Melrose Avenue, have become landmarks, packing in the pilgrims as thick as the product. In hundreds of supermarkets, brightly colored *gelato* containers nestle next to such top-of-the-line American brands as Breyers and their pseudo-Scandinavian cousins, Häagen-Dazs and Frusen Glädjé.

There is yet another newcomer to the frozen scene: tofutti. As its ungainly name suggests, it has a powdered soy base, no lactose, butterfat or cholesterol, and contains only 128 calories per 4-oz. scoop, *vs.* as much as 325 for a premium dairy ice cream and 280 for *gelato*. A sellout among celebs and fast-trackers from Manhattan to Honolulu, this noncream ice cream, which comes in five flavors, actually tastes good. Best of the batch: banana pecan.

Still, for the ice cream mainliner, the name of the game this summer is that calorific Italian stuff. One of the biggest *gelato* wholesalers, Tartufo Italgelateria, Inc., of San Gabriel, Calif., supplies elegant restaurants and hotels nationally; its *gelato* will make its debut this month in supermarkets in the Southeast. Next week another variety, called Geláre will be test-marketed by Borden, Inc., in Houston, Dallas, Columbus and Pittsburgh, with an eye to eventual distribution throughout its 28-state market. "This is the best-tasting product we have tried," says Robert Kirby, a Borden's group vice president. "It seems that more people are realizing the value of better ice creams and are willing to pay."

The prices can be deceptive. A pint of Baskin-Robbins at $2.35 contains 50% air. Tartufo's *gelato* at $2.49 has 9% air. Most of the *gelati* are made with expensive imported equipment and costly ingredients, such as vanilla extract at $55 a gallon. Some of the recipes call for painstaking manufacture. The Geláre mix is quickly cooled, "aged" in tubs, churned and finally frozen to 20° F below zero over a 24-hour period.

The wizards of *gelato* offer flavors of a richness and purity to boggle the taste buds: liqueur-based delicacies, a dozen variations on chocolate and elusive essences like cantaloupe. Not to mention Al Gelato's *trompe l'oeil* "spaghetti," made of Marsala-laced, eggy zabaglione ice cream run through a spaghetti press and topped with chocolate meatballs, puréed strawberries for the tomato effect and a sprinkling of grated coconut to resemble Parmesan cheese. Who needs pasta? ■

Bubbleheads

Good news for sneezers

They run the risk of being sneered at as bubbleheads, but hay fever sufferers can find relief from runny noses, swollen eyes and itchy throats by donning a Martianesque headpiece called the Hincherton Hayfever Helmet. It consists of a clear plastic dome, enclosing the head, into which filtered, pollen-free air is wafted at low pressure. The battery-powered fan, electrostatically charged filter and helmet weigh about 4 lbs. and are attached to the body by a harness or belt. The inventor, British Architect Richard Hinchliffe, 45, himself a longtime hay fever sufferer, claims that wearing the helmet for 30 minutes can provide a half-day's relief. Self-conscious sufferers, Hinchliffe suggests, can "customize their helmets with headsets or Deely Bobbers." Some 535 HHHs have been sold in the U.K., and 100 in the U.S., where one costs $189 plus shipping. The spacy headdress, which has not yet received medical endorsement, may be particularly good news for hay fever victims who suffer side effects from standard drugs like antihistamines. They may have a silent summer, though; the dome makes conversation difficult. ■

Inventor Richard Hinchliffe at ease

Beating the miseries with aplomb.

Here comes

BRIGHT

A fresh new taste experience that outshines menthol.

It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.
It even leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.

mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Official Police Business

A small and fractious supergroup storms through the summer

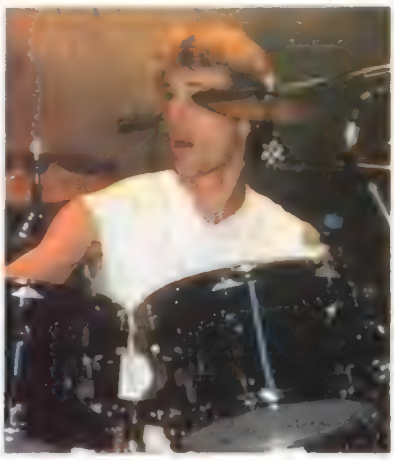
Like nuclear scientists, baseball managers and political pollsters, the folks in the music business love numbers. It's the one sure way to chart success. In short order, then, a few stats about the Police: Sold out Shea Stadium in New York City in five hours on first leg of current U.S. concert tour. That's 67,000 seats. Eased Michael Jackson off the top of the album chart, where he seemed to have established a penthouse. Scored a No. 1 single, *Every Breath You Take*, which is hanging on tight. With 3.5 million copies of their album *Synchronicity* already sold worldwide, and with big plans for a tour of Japan and Australia in 1984, may have clear current title to the ultimate accolade: hottest group in the world. Western world Rock-'n'-roll division.

But perhaps a slightly different standard should be suggested. *Every Breath You Take*, the sinuous, sinister and entirely irresistible Police single, is the sound track of the late summer, the song of the season, just as *Flashdance ... What a Feeling* and David Bowie's *Let's Dance* were early summer's anthems. There is no getting away from *Every Breath You Take*, with its whipcrack rhythms and cool, insinuating lyrics, and there is no wanting to, either. The song, and the album it comes from, are like a strange balm, at first soothing to hear, then more disturbing and more memorable. This is rock music that is not only canny commerciality, but has high and serious ambition intellectually. It isn't often, after all, that Carl Jung hits the top of the charts.

Police's lead singer and premier song writer, who is called Sting, explains: "Jung believed there was a large pattern to life, that it wasn't just chaos. Our song *Synchronicity II* is about two parallel events that aren't connected logically or causally, but symbolically." That's a tall order for a five-minute four-second tune, but Sting is a fleet writer and his song can carry the weight. Drummer Stewart Copeland has a slightly different, more bemused explanation. He maintains that "Sting is in his Germanic-scientists-of-unpronounceable-names phase. I know he has an interest in this stuff. I only make fun of it because it serves him right for taking it all so seriously."

There is one point, anyway, on which all three members of the group agree. Guitarist Andy Summers: "Sting is the most consummate writer of pop songs in the group, so we wind up doing more of his songs than anybody else's." Copeland: "The only thing I envy is Sting's voice and his songwriting ability." The gentleman in question: "I'm the best songwriter. It's as simple as that."

Sting hits Detroit with the summer's hot tour



Synchronicity from Copeland and Summers

Perhaps not quite. Sting has a hip, slightly frosty presence and a vulpine sexuality to which he does not like attention to be drawn ("It's a pejorative, demeaning. I got a brain, you know"). Nevertheless, it is getting him good movie-acting work. He starred in *Brimstone and Treacle* and will appear as the head heavy in the upcoming Dino De Laurentiis/David Lynch film of Frank Herbert's sci-fi behemoth *Dune*. Stage presence and movie appearances tend to reinforce each other, producing a charisma that may be inadvertent but is certainly undeniable. Copeland puts it simply, "His face is our face."

Certainly he is the dominant part of the face. But like one of those composite drawings on a wanted poster, the face of the Police seems made from disparate observations. The particulars on the poster might run like this:

Copeland: 31, born in Virginia, brought up in Beirut. Thought his father was a business consultant; learned later he was a high-ranking CIA employee. Brother Miles manages group, which was founded in 1977 and christened by Stewart. (The name Police is a wise-guy reference to dad's line of work.) Married, one baby, one stepson. Summers: 40, and gets ragged about it. Loves Django Reinhardt, reggae, ska and photography. Divorced; likes to talk about his sex life. Sting: 31, born Gordon Matthew Sumner. Grew up in Wallsend, England. Bass player. Various accounts origin of nickname: ceaseless buzzing energy; onetime habit of wearing black-and-yellow striped sweaters. Discovered by Copeland playing a gig with "a couple of old jazzers" in a school classroom. Getting divorced (see *Every Breath You Take*); likes to talk matters intellectual. Favorite music: Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Symphony No. 6*.

These fragments of a sometimes combative personality lead to a precarious seesaw act within the band. "I haven't much team spirit," Sting confesses. "Relationships in the band are difficult. We have large egos, large talents, large personalities." Laughs Copeland: "Sting can't dominate because he's outnumbered. With the Police, it's always two against one." Admits Summers: "We're too pussyfooted to hit each other. We haven't got down to physical blows yet. But it gets pretty tense sometimes."

The more direct, slightly raw sound of *Synchronicity*, with its emphasis on a tight trio playing and disaffection from synthesizer and sax, pleases Summers. The fact is that the Police, like the Who, draw their dynamism directly from intramural tension. It may only be, as Copeland describes it, like "kids at the dinner table arguing over who's got more Rice Krispies." But the snap, crackle and pop of the Police are the sounds of rock 'n' roll, summer 1983 and on into the next months. And very well on, too. —*By Jay Cocks.*

Reported by Stephen Koepp/New York

People

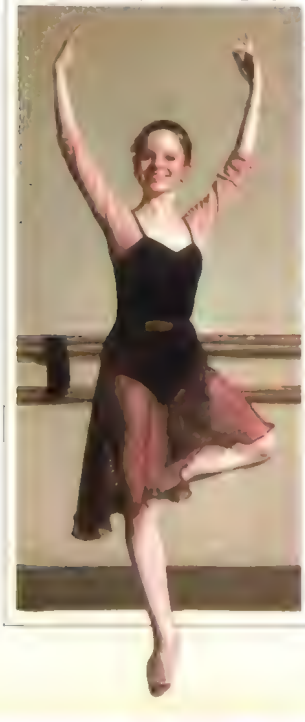
Connally displaying some of his masterly "originals" by Faker De Hory

Step right over here, madam, and take a look at this rare collection of 100 paintings. Yessir, these are real beauts, all of them done in the inimitable styles of Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani and other early modern masters. Well, to be honest, not quite inimitable styles. The paintings are actually by a clever Hungarian counterfeiter, **Elmyr de Hory.** Considered the world's premier art forger before his death in 1976, De Hory fooled even museums with his masterfleeces. Eventually De Hory was so famous that he began signing his "fakes," and many of them have found their way into the hands of **John Connally,** 66. Now in partnership with Forrest Fenn, owner of a gallery in Santa Fe, N. Mex., the onetime Governor of Texas and presidential hopeful wants to sell off some of his acquisitions. Price: $12,000 to $15,000 apiece. After all, argues Fenn, "If they're as good as real, then what the hell are we talking about? I mean, what is art?" A question to ponder.

■

After playing the dying young ballerina Niki in last year's cinema flop *Six Weeks*, **Katherine Healy,** 14, might have been hesitant about dancing again in public. Not a bit of it. The New York City native was back on her toes most recently at the celebrated International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria, where she became only the second U.S.-born gold medalist. The first, in 1974, was **Fernando Bujones,** 28, who is now an established American Ballet Theater star. Healy has been rumored to be interested in A.B.T. too, but she says it is premature to make any such choice. For the time being she has a considerably more down-to-earth goal: finishing high school.

Healy points up her winning style



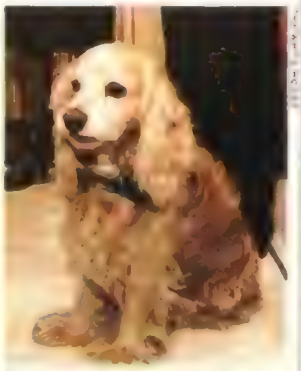
■

The best-beloved member of the British royal family is not William, Diana or the Queen, but the Queen Mum. Adored ever since she chose to stay on in London, alongside **King George VI,** as an example to her countrymen during the brutal Nazi blitz of World War II, the plucky **Queen Mother Elizabeth** stirred more admiration six weeks ago with a visit to troubled Northern Ireland despite the obvious danger. Last week all the kingdom seemed to be celebrating with her as she turned 83. Much of the day was spent with her royal relatives, but the morning belonged to her enthusiastic admirers. They sent her bouquets of flowers, along with 3,000 cards and presents, and when she appeared at 11 a.m. on the garden balcony of her residence, Clarence House, 2,000 of them, right on cue, broke into a joyous chorus of *Happy Birthday*.

Queen Mum blooms on her 83rd

■

Publishing can be a dog-eat-dog world. Consider some of last week's news. First Random House snapped **Norman Mailer,** 60, away from Little, Brown. He wanted a publisher based in Manhattan rather than one in faraway Boston, explained Mailer's agent, who down-played reports that, in addition to New York, Random House threw in a tidy $4 million for the author's next four novels. Meanwhile, Doubleday also had something to bark about. Its newest author is one **C. Fred Bush,** 11, four-legged companion of **George** and **Barbara Bush.** Due in April, *C. Fred's Story: A Dog's Life*, "edited slightly" by his mistress, will provide (for $11.95) a shin-rubbing view of the vice presidential household. C. Fred will donate all proceeds to charity.



C. Fred: not quite up to Mailer

■

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Not so fast, my dear Watson," said Holmes, settling back in his chair. "That our esteemed mentor, **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,** could be an unscrupulous faker does stretch the bounds of belief. But let us consider the facts. You know, of course, of the 1912 Piltdown man, the 'fossil' that was purported to be the missing link between man and ape and was found to be an outrageous fraud some 40 years later. Now **John Hathaway Winslow,** an American scholar of apparent repute, has fingered Sir Arthur as the culprit. Writing in *Science '83*, he avers that our creator lived just eight miles from the Piltdown site and no doubt went there on scientific field trips. As a trained doctor—like yourself, my dear fellow—he had the tools, the skills and probably the bones to forge those fossils. Why? Winslow points out that our friend had a bone to pick, if you will permit a small joke, with scientific authorities, who were skeptical about his enthusiasm for psychic research, ridiculing his spirit mediums and clairvoyants as mere fakes. So, Watson, our American accuser has proffered opportunity and motive. Therefore, it is not impossible, as you so hastily put it. On the other hand, I myself would scarcely take such circumstantial evidence to Inspector Lestrade. The answer, I must conclude, lies with Sir Arthur's bones, and I for one am quite content to let it remain there."

— By William Guest and Ben Spier

Issues from the hand of God, the simple soul . . .
Rising or falling, grasping at kisses and toys . . .
Eager to be reassured, taking pleasure
In the fragrant brilliance of the Christmas tree . . .

Pray for us now and at the hour of our birth.

—T.S. Eliot

Just seven minutes old, unable to see more than a blur, a newborn stretches forth an exploratory hand

Medicine

COVER STORY

What Do Babies Know?

More than many realize, and much earlier, according to new research

"Fantastic!" says Michael Lewis, a small, spry man with a gray-flecked beard. "This is great!"

What inspires such glee in Lewis is that two small and curly-haired sisters named Danielle and Stacy, ages twelve and 14 months, are starting to cry. The sound is heart-rending, but not to Lewis.

"Exactly what we expected," he says cheerily as the girls' parents arrive to comfort them. The wailing soon subsides. Lewis, 46, is not a sadistic Scrooge; on the contrary, he is an eminent and kind-hearted psychologist who presides over the Institute for the Study of Child Development at Rutgers Medical School in New Brunswick, N.J. His laboratory is a friendly place filled with dolls and Teddy bears and jigsaw puzzles; blue-red-and-yellow rainbows streak across the walls. Along one of those walls runs a ten-foot-long two-way mirror so that Lewis can study children unobserved and record their activities on two videotape cameras.

Danielle's parents had adopted Stacy. Lewis wanted to observe how two sisters of similar age and upbringing, but totally different genes, would interact with their parents. All four started by playing with toys and puzzles in front of Lewis' mirror. The parents left, first individually, then together. The girls resorted to playing with each other. Then a stranger entered, and that seemed to make the girls more sharply aware of their parents' absence and their own aloneness—hence the outburst of tears. But why is that "great" or "fantastic"? "We're trying to determine exactly what normal behavior is," says Lewis, who sees the large in the small, "in this case the child's developing sense of self, the sense that it is separate from other people."

In a 17th century brick building on Paris' Boulevard de Port-Royal, once the abbey where the Mathematician Blaise Pascal underwent religious conversion, a quite different kind of experiment is taking place. Into a small room of the Baudelocque Maternity Hospital marches a nurse bearing a tiny, wrinkled infant named Géry. He is four days old and weighs 6 lbs. 6 oz. The nurse carefully deposits Géry in a waist-high steel bassinet that stands next to a computer. The computer is attached to an empty nipple. The question to be tested: Exactly what sounds can young Géry recognize?

The nurse pops the nipple into Géry's mouth and then turns on a nearby loudspeaker. A recorded male voice begins to recite a random series of similar syllables: "Bee, see, lee, see, mee, lee, bee, see, lee, mee." Géry's infant fingers clutch at the orange base of the nipple. Whenever he hears a new sound he sucks harder, and his heart beats faster. When he gets used to these sounds, his attention fades, and his sucking slows down. The computer tirelessly counts the number of sucks per minute.

"Da," the loudspeaker suddenly says. Géry sucks harder, then begins to cry. He is hungry, and the empty nipple brings him no food. The nurse comforts him. Even at the age of four days, the lessons of life can be hard.

All across the U.S., all over the world, medical and behavioral experiments like these are under way. Each by itself is a small and seemingly inconsequential affair; the results are sometimes inconclusive, sometimes obvious. But taken all together, they represent an enormous research campaign aimed at solving one of the most fundamental and most fascinating riddles of human life: What do newborn children know when they emerge into this world? And how do they begin organizing and using that knowledge during the first years of life to make their way toward the mysterious future?

The basic answer, which is repeatedly being demonstrated in myriad new ways, is babies know a lot more than most people used to think. They see more, hear more,

understand more, and they are genetically prewired to make friends with any adult who cares for them. The implications of this research challenge some of the standard beliefs on how children should be reared, how they should be educated, and what they are capable of becoming as they grow up. Yale Psychology Professor William Kessen, who has been studying infants for more than 30 years, says in admiration of the newborn baby's zestful approach to life, "He's eating up the world." Harvard Psychology Professor Jerome Kagan, another pioneer, offers only one caveat about the new research: "Don't frighten parents! The baby is a *friendly* computer!"

Many parents do get frightened, of course, particularly when a flood of books and articles keeps telling them what to do and not to do—and above all not to get frightened. The current discoveries about how much a baby sees and hears and knows at the very moment of birth make the parental responsibility seem even more formidable. Most important, in a way, is that these findings are changing the way people actually see their own children, changing how they talk to them, what they expect of them. And these slow and almost imperceptible transformations can hardly help altering, in subtle and equally imperceptible ways, the babies themselves, and thus the adults they will some day become.

The traditional view of infancy was that of Shakespeare, who described the helpless newborn as "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." Nearly a century later, John Locke proclaimed it as self-evident that the infant's mind was a *tabula rasa*, or blank tablet, waiting to be written upon. William James prided himself on more scientific observations but wrote in *The Principles of Psychology* (1891) that the infant is so "assailed by eyes, ears, nose, skin and entrails at once" that he views the surrounding world as "one great blooming, buzzing confusion." As recently as 1964, a medical textbook reported not only that the average newborn could not fix its eyes or respond to sound but that "consciousness, as we think of it, probably does not exist in the infant."

Such views have been increasingly re-examined and revised during the past two decades, and this research has now grown into a substantial industry. From the Infant Laboratory at M.I.T. to the University of Texas' new Children's Research Center to U.C.L.A.'s Child Study Laboratory, there is hardly a major university without teams of researchers poking and prodding babies. The number of studies of infant cognition has tripled in the past five years, according to Psychologist Richard Held of M.I.T. A conference of experts in Austin last year heard more than 200 research papers ranging from "Sleep-Wake Transitions and Infant Temperament" to "Right-Left Asymmetrics of Neurological Functions in the Newborn Infants." These multitudinous studies do not go unchallenged: researchers in various disciplines fight for their own specialties, psychiatrists differ sharply in their views from neurologists, judgments are often subjective, and babies themselves are as different as snowflakes.

The search for data is being steadily pushed back from childhood to earliest infancy and even before birth. One French obstetrician, for example, inserted a hydrophone into the uterus of a woman about to give birth and tape-recorded what the fetus could hear: the mother's loudly thumping heartbeat, a variety of whooshing sounds, the muffled but distinguishable voices of the mother and her male doctor, and, from a distance, the clearly identifiable strains of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*.

The obvious obstacle that long hindered scientific research on babies was that they could not talk,* could not tell

*The very word infant derives from the Latin *infans*, meaning incapable of speech

Photographs for TIME by Enrico Ferorelli—Wheeler Pictures

At 23 days, imitating an adult. At seven months, picking out indented lines at M.I.T.

what they saw or thought: the consequence was a widespread belief that they saw little and thought less. But that belief was based primarily on adults' dim recollections of their past. As early as the 1950s, a few psychologists were searching for laboratory methods to discover what babies could learn. Case Western Reserve Psychologist Robert Fantz made an important breakthrough in 1958 by demonstrating that babies' fascination with novelty could be turned into a form of silent speech. Specifically, Fantz watched infants move their eyes when he showed them two different objects; he carefully measured what they looked at and for how long. Given a choice, he showed, babies will look at a checkerboard surface rather than a plain one, a bulls-eye target rather than stripes, and in general they prefer the complex to the simple. Says Rutgers' Michael Lewis: "Out of such elementary observations, monstrously important consequences grew."

Once the basic approach was discovered, a whole world of previously untried research opened up. new technology made it possible to devise tests that would have been unimaginable a generation earlier. At the most rudimentary level, the videotape machine enables a psychologist to record a baby's wriggling and demonstrate that it often moves in rhythm with its mother's voice. At the most complex levels, surgeons at Prentice Women's Hospital in Chicago can diagnose prenatal hydrocephalus (a brain-damaging excess of cerebrospinal fluid) in a fetus, then introduce a plastic tube into the mother's uterus and into the fetus' head to drain off the surplus fluid inside its brain. Guiding many of these technological innovations is the ubiquitous computer, which can synthesize a mother's voice as easily as it can measure eye movements or count the times that young Géry sucks on his nipple.

The first area to attract a number of researchers was the newborn baby's senses, which were once thought to represent little more than hunger to be fed. Systematic testing soon showed that babies not only perceive a good deal but have distinct preferences in everything. An Israeli neurophysiologist, Jacob Steiner, found that a baby as young as twelve hours old, which has never tasted even its mother's milk, will gurgle with satisfaction when a drop of sugar-water is placed on its tongue and grimace at a drop of lemon juice. More mysteriously, a newborn will smile beatifically when a piece of cotton impregnated with banana essence is waved under its nose, and it will protest at the smell of rotten eggs. Other infant prejudices: vanilla (good), shrimp (bad).

The baby emerges from the darkness of the womb with a rudimentary sense of vision—it would be rated about 20/500, or "legally blind," as one expert puts it, but eyesight develops rapidly. Newborns start by looking at the edges of things, exploring. Even when the lights are turned out,

as infra-red cameras show, an infant's eyes open wide to carry on its investigation of its surroundings. At eight weeks, it can differentiate between shapes of objects as well as colors (generally preferring red, then blue); at three months, it begins to develop stereoscopic vision.

Testing such perceptions can be complicated. At M.I.T.'s Infant Laboratory, for example, University of Tokyo Graduate Student Shinsuke Shimojo has programmed a computer to check whether seven-month-old Whitney Warren can differentiate between a straight bar and a slightly indented bar. The computer makes the indented portion of the second bar move slightly. If Whitney can see the indentation, he will see its movement, and Shimojo, crouching behind the computer screen, can see his eyes move. Most babies spot the movement easily.

Despite their esoteric quality, such experiments can have an immediate practical value: some infants suffer from eye ailments, such as cataracts, severe astigmatism and strabismus, which benefit from treatment much earlier than would once have been possible. No less important, the new research has demonstrated that an impairment of infant vision can damage those parts of the rapidly growing brain that rely on visual information. That brain damage can be permanent unless the eye impairment is treated early.

Unlike the eyes, the baby's ears have been functioning even before birth, and the newborn arrives with a whole set of auditory reactions. As early as the 1960s, tests indicated that babies go to sleep faster to the recorded sound of a human heartbeat or any similarly rhythmic sound. More recent studies indicate that by the time they are born, babies already prefer female voices; within a few weeks, they recognize the sound of their mother's speech.

Many mothers believe they can understand different kinds of crying by their babies (a controlled experiment in 1973 showed they could not), and they believe even more strongly that their babies can understand a parent's murmurings. And perhaps they can. Though children do not ordinarily say anything very elaborate before the age of one year, Psychologist Peter Eimas of Brown University has demonstrated that infants as young as one month can differentiate between sounds in virtually any language. They also have a "very sophisticated" ability to organize sounds into various categories. "A baby already knows which sounds communicate," says Eimas. "I've never heard a baby imitate the sound of a refrigerator, for example. So a child can put all of his energy into learning how to use the rules of the language."

Pursuing the origins of language back into earliest babyhood is an interesting approach to understanding the infant intellect. No less so is the discovery that this intellect is at work long before any language is available as a tool. The key element in that discovery was the baby's desire to imitate its mother's facial movements. Jean Piaget, the celebrated Swiss psychologist who pioneered in this field with extended studies of his own three children, declared that such imitations began only at about eight to twelve months. Earlier than that, he reasoned, the baby could not understand that its own face was similar to that of its mother.

A trusting infant is coaxed across the optical illusion of an abyss

But at about a year, even though he never falls, he learns to be wary.

Olga Maratos, a Greek student who was testing seven-week-old infants for her doctorate, went to Piaget's house one snowy day early in 1973 to tell him of her progress. "Do you remember what I am doing?" she said. "I am sticking out my tongue at the babies, and do you know what they are doing?"

"You may tell me," Piaget murmured.

"They are sticking out their tongues right back at me! What do you think of that?"

The venerable professor puffed on his pipe for a moment as he contemplated the challenge to his theory. "I think that's very rude," he said.

Maratos' thesis was never published, so the credit for the discovery went mainly to two young psychologists who now teach at the University of Washington, Andrew Meltzoff and M. Keith Moore. Their study, published in 1977, showed that babies only twelve days old could imitate an adult sticking out a tongue. Meltzoff and Moore demonstrated that if a pacifier in the baby's mouth prevented the infant from imitating the adult, it would *remember* what it wanted to do until the pacifier was removed; then the baby would promptly stick out its tongue.

That first study by Meltzoff and Moore aroused considerable skepticism, so they repeated and elaborated it in 1981, eliminating all uncertainties and using still younger children. "We had one baby 42 minutes old, with blood still on its hair," recalls Meltzoff. "We washed it and tested it. We found that even newborns could imitate adults."

These experiments demonstrated the infant's very early capacity for what psychologists call "intermodal perception"—that is, to combine the brain's perceptions of two different activities, in this case vision and muscular action, which is virtually the first form of thinking. Says Yale's Kessen: "The past 15 to 20 years have demonstrated that the child has a mind. The next several years will be used to find out how it works."

Meltzoff pursued his exploration of intermodal perception by a different test of vision and touch. He gave ordinary pacifiers to a group of month-old babies and pacifiers with bumps on them to another group. He then had the babies look at models of the two kinds of nipples. The result, says Meltzoff, was that "they would look at the ones they had felt." Now, with Speech Professor Patricia Kuhl, he has extended those tests to language. The researchers showed infants two films of faces saying "ahh" and "eee," then placed between the two pictures a loudspeaker that could make either sound. The babies invariably looked toward the picture that fit the sound. "This means that babies can detect the relationship between mouth movements and the sounds they hear," says Meltzoff. "Essentially, babies are lip readers."

As they begin to develop this rudimentary capacity for thinking, babies develop an important ability to recognize categories. This was once thought to require language—how can the unnameable be identified?—but babies apparently can organize perceptions without a word. Psychologist Elizabeth Spelke of the University of Pennsylvania showed four-month-old babies a pair of films in which two toys bounced around on a surface in different ways, each with a corresponding sound track. She then played one sound track, and the babies were able to match the correct film to its sound. From the babies' "highly differentiated

ability" to decide what goes with what. Spelke went on to deduce that children are born with an innate ability to divide their experiences into categories. Says she: "Obviously, in order to make sense of anything that you're confronted with, you have to bring to bear certain conceptions about the world. Our hope is that we'll learn something about what those initial conceptions are."

It is a puzzle, for babies repeatedly demonstrate a variety of skills and actions that seem to have no basis in their previous experience. Examples:

▸ Bradley Feige, age 11½ months, is sitting on a glass table at U.C.L.A.'s Child Study Laboratory. "Come here, Bradley, come here," his mother coaxes from the other side of the table, about six feet away. At her end, the cloth material under the glass top suddenly drops away to create the illusion that Bradley may plunge several feet if he does what his mother asks. At eight months, and again at ten months, Bradley ignored the illusion of peril and crawled across the table. Now he refuses to budge past the illusionary end of the table, not even when his mother holds out a toy as a lure. "We know that this response is not related to the experiences they've had," says Psychologist Nancy Rader, "but we've found that it relates to the age at which the baby starts crawling, and we're trying to find out why."

▸ At Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, infants as young as two weeks were confronted with a cube (or sometimes only the shadow of a cube) that began moving slowly toward them. When it seemed about to hit them, they showed what psychologists call "a strong avoidance-reaction pattern." They turned aside and squirmed and tried to avoid being struck, though they had no previous experience that would make them think that the approaching object would hit them. When such a cube or its shadow approached the babies on an angled path that would miss them, however, the babies followed its motion with their eyes but showed no sign of anxiety. "The consummate skill of these infants in predicting the path of the moving object is astonishing," says Psychologist Jane Flannery Jackson, "and their evident wish to avoid objects on a collision course is even more so."

▸ At the University of Edinburgh, T.G.R. Bower and his associates have been conducting about 1,000 experiments a year on various infant abilities. One of their most startling claims is that babies can tell the gender of other infants they are looking at, and they prefer to look at those of their own sex. Bower made films of an infant boy and girl making various movements, and then deleted from the film all apparent signs of gender and even swapped their clothes. Some adult viewers had difficulty telling them apart, but something about the way the filmed infants moved enabled a group of 13-month-old children to distinguish the boy from the girl. Bower is still trying to figure out how they do that.

How babies do any of the things they do is a matter of considerable complexity. Some theorists, like Thomas Verny, a Canadian psychiatrist who wrote *The Secret Life of the Unborn Child*, believe the infant begins learning behavior patterns while it is still in the uterus. Most experts, however, assume that the genes still carry messages that primitive humans once needed for survival. The so-called Moro reflex,* for example, which makes a newborn infant reach out its arms in a desperate grasping motion whenever it feels itself falling, implies some monkey-like existence at the dawn of time. Says Lewis Lipsitt, director of the Child Study Center at Brown and a pioneer in research on babies: "The human infant is extremely well coordinated and put together for accomplishing the tasks of infancy. These are: sustenance, maintaining contact with other people, and defending itself against noxious stimulation."

One of the oddest elements in their development is that infants soon lose many of the skills they had at birth. A newborn baby that is held upright on a table is nearly able to walk while suspended; immersed in a tub of water, it makes a fairly impressive try at swimming. Those abilities deteriorate within a few months. The same process seems to occur with intellectual skills that are not used. Psychologists Janet Werker of Dalhousie University in Halifax, N.S., and Richard Tees of the University of British Columbia have shown that babies of six to eight months can distinguish sounds that are not used in their native language, but they have much greater difficulty by the age of twelve months. Japanese babies, for example, have no trouble with the "ell" sound that their parents find difficult.

Most experts now think a baby is born with a number of reflexes that are gradually replaced by the "cortical behavior" dictated from the cortex of its rapidly developing brain. Brown's Lipsitt believes that a period of "disarray" during the course of this transition may be an important element in the "crib deaths" that can mysteriously strike during the first year. The struggle to escape from accidental smothering in bedclothes, known as the "respiratory occlusion reflex," is automatic at birth but then needs to be learned. Says Lipsitt: "The peak of 'disarray' is right at the point when crib death is most likely to occur, as if the baby doesn't know whether to be reflexive or cognitive. Suppose a child gets into a compromising situation where it has lost the reflex and has not acquired the learned behavior that has to come in to supplant the lost reflex." Lipsitt hopes to devise a specific test that will pinpoint those few children who may be in jeopardy.

Every test for every kind of trouble implies that there is a "normal" time for a baby to demonstrate various abilities. If it does not sit up by six or seven months or stand by nine or ten, a pediatrician may start neurological testing. The disciples of Yale's Arnold Gesell have applied this approach to all phases of childhood ("He wanders from home and gets lost at four," says the latest edition of the Gesell Institute's *Child Behavior*. "He demands to ride his bicycle in the street at eight")

Most current advice givers urge anxious parents not to take such standardization too seriously. Pediatrician T. Berry Brazelton *(see box)*, who is publishing next month a revision of his 1969 best-seller, *Infants and Mothers*, begins by declaring: "There are as many individual variations in newborn patterns as there are infants." Still, though a child's development during its first year is far slower than that of a monkey or even an elephant, it is nonetheless so dramatic—from lying flat on its back to the first creeping across the floor to the first falter-

JOHN MCGRAIL

Sensing her parents' absence, Danielle wails in protest

"We're trying to determine exactly what normal behavior is."

*Named for German Pediatrician Ernst Moro (1874-1951)

ing steps around the corner of the kitchen table—that scientists persist in trying to pinpoint when and how it learns each new accomplishment.

Two months, eight months and twelve months seem to mark major periods of change: in brain developments, in various skills and perceptions, in sociability. At about two months, for example, the baby is awake much longer than it was, it smiles a lot and stares with fascination at a new discovery: its own hand. At eight months, the infant is acquiring the important sense of its separate identity, and even an understanding of what Piaget called "object permanence," the realization that an object hidden from sight is still there. It begins to develop fears of strangers and of separation from its parents. At twelve months, the golden age, the baby has begun to walk and talk, and knows that the whole world awaits. Sometimes, clinging to a chair, waving a spoon in a fist, the one year old will throw back its head and crow in sheer delight.

These physical and social achievements have long been obvious: any mother can see them in her own children. What the new research demonstrates is that babies' mental growth can be as early and as striking as the rest of its development. Robert Cooper, a psychologist with Southwest Texas State University, is even testing a group of ten- to twelve-month-old children on their ability to recognize different numbers. They can master up to four, but he adds that "beyond four, there's some controversy." By showing his little subjects various groups of objects, Cooper demonstrates that they can tell the difference between three and five, he says, though the difference between four and five sometimes baffles them.

The idea that infants can start acquiring an education has tempted ambitious parents for centuries. At the age of three, John Stuart Mill learned Greek, and Mozart was playing the harpsichord. Both were taught by their hard-driving fathers. Today, New York City's fashionable nursery schools not only interview two year olds (and charge their anxious parents $1,200 a year for two mornings of schooling a week), but they also report applications outrunning openings by as much as 5 to 1.

The vogue is spreading. Gymboree, a franchise operation that started seven years ago in San Mateo, Calif., now has 61 outposts operating in 14 states that provide educational play for about 10,000 children. "Learning to read begins at birth," says one of Gymboree's brochures, but the $4 classes are mainly physical, ranging from "wee workouts" for beginners up to "gymgrad" for tots as old as four. "We've tried to create a 'yes' environment for the children, to place them in a setting they can master," says Gymboree's founder, Joan Barnes, a former dance teacher.

More strictly pedagogic is a Philadelphia organization called the Better Baby Institute, which offers a training course to

The New Dr. Spock: "A Great Dad"

Dr. T. (for Thomas) Berry Brazelton, 65, says he is no scientist, which shows a becoming modesty, but he would have a hard time denying that he is the nation's pre-eminent baby doctor. A whole generation of pediatricians has studied and worked with him at Harvard Medical School and the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston. Tens of thousands of anxious parents have been reassured by his easygoing guidebooks *(Infants and Mothers, Toddlers and Parents, Doctor and Child, On Becoming a Family)*. Millions of infants who never met him have been tested and evaluated by his Neonatal Behavioral Assessment Scale, generally known simply and naturally as the Brazelton.

It is a folksy sort of test, carried out with such implements as a pocket flashlight, an orange rubber ball, a paper clip, some popcorn kernels. The exam starts when the baby is asleep, and it gauges the infant's reactions to a series of stimuli, including light in the eyes, the sound of rattling, a scratch on the foot: 20 reflexes and 26 behavioral responses in all. After 20 minutes or so, a Brazeltonized baby is wide awake and none too happy about all the testing.

Brazelton began devising the exam some 30 years ago to solve a problem that bothered him: babies available for adoption were being kept in institutions until the age of four months because doctors were reluctant to certify that any younger infant was fully normal. "Four months is just too long to deprive anybody of a new baby," Brazelton recalls, with a trace of a Texas drawl that has survived his years in Boston. "That led me to say, 'Well, gosh, anybody can tell whether a new baby's O.K. or not. What is it we're going by?' Then I began to put together all these things that any good clinician uses. Very little about the scale was really new. It was a compilation of a lot of clinical observations that hadn't been documented."

RICHARD HOWARD

Dr. Brazelton checks four-month-old visitor

That all sounds rather routine, but Brazelton's tone changes as he starts to talk about his test, about the way a baby's eyes jerkily follow a moving ball. "If you give him a human face to look at instead, his eyes will widen and he'll get more intense and he'll follow you," says Brazelton, "and as he follows, his face gets more and more alert and more and more involved, and you can feel yourself getting more and more involved back. This kind of visual involvement is more than just looking. You've got another component from the baby, which says to the person doing this, 'You're terribly important.' And the person is bound to feel important. What I'm getting at is that the baby's competence will call up competence from parents. We used to see the parents shaping the child, but now we see the child also helping to shape the parents."

Brazelton once wanted to be a veterinarian. At age eight, already an experienced baby sitter, he decided on pediatrics. He went to Princeton, starred in Triangle Club theatricals, even got an offer in 1940 to try out on Broadway for an Ethel Merman musical, *Panama Hattie*, but he held on to the goal of healing infants. His hero, he says, was Benjamin Spock, and although Brazelton is now regarded as the new Spock, he considers himself more a disciple than a rival of the older man.

Brazelton and his wife Christina have three daughters and a son, ages 19 to 32. He still worries about his high expectations and pushing his children too hard. His son, however, calls him "a great dad."

Like Spock, Brazelton makes it a cardinal rule to reassure anxious parents and to encourage them to trust their instincts. "Parents in our culture are so hungry for people to tell them what to do and so vulnerable as a result," he says. "I feel very strongly that telling them what to do is destructive. Supporting them for what they can do is constructive."

Brazelton is in the midst of a project of "intervention research" that involves studying 100 undersized babies and trying to see which of them will need special assistance. Babies that have been undernourished in the uterus are "very scrawny, very hypersensitive to any kind of stimulation, and they become very fussy and difficult for the parents," says Brazelton. "They need help to see their baby as a person. You have to help parents see that you're seeing the same baby they are. And that the baby doesn't need to be like them. And they don't need to be like it. It can be just as exciting to find another kind of person to learn about."

enable mothers to "multiply their baby's intelligence." Specifically, the school claims that parents can learn in one week of intense instruction (for a fee of $500) how to teach their infants to swim, to read, to do math, to speak foreign languages and to play the violin at the age of two. You can't make it to Philadelphia? "Better Baby Video," a California-based spin-off, can provide the same lessons in a weeklong course offered primarily in West Coast cities. Some critics believe that all this mainly makes babies learn a few skills by rote, but it is difficult to obtain any scientific assessment of the five-year-old institute

Many of these ventures in infant education are fueled by eager parents who will try anything to give their children a head start. Similar experiments are arousing interest in those who work among the poor. Dr. Joseph Sparling, for example, has developed and published a series of 100 educational games at the Frank Porter Graham Child Development Center at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. These games, which range from specific subjects like language development to vague concerns like self-image, have been tried out with some success over the past five years in a federally funded program called Project Care. Researchers use the games both in day care centers and in weekly visits to children's homes. They report that the children get "significantly" higher intelligence-test scores at the age of one year than children in a control group who are not exposed to the games

If nothing else, the push toward earlier education gives infants a valuable chance at making friends. Says Psychologist Colwyn Trevarthen of the University of Edinburgh: "They really have this intrinsic social capacity, and that's what human beings have evolved for, just as giraffes have evolved for eating high leaves."

But is early education itself really desirable? Does the discovery that a young child can absorb large quantities of knowledge require that it be stuffed like a Strasbourg goose? There were social reasons for launching Project Head Start in the 1960s to get poor children into preschool programs. Most psychologists engaged in the new research, however, are strongly opposed to any formal schooling before the age of three or four, even if the child is capable of it. "We know that babies are coming into the world with a lot more sophisticated skills than we had previously thought, but I do not think reading, writing and arithmetic should be in their curriculum," says Psychologist Tiffany Field of the University of Miami School of Medicine. Warns Child Psychiatrist Robert Harmon, director of the Infant Psychiatry Clinic at the University of Colorado School of Medicine: "I think you're going to get children burned out on learning." And University of Denver Psychologist Kurt Fischer says of the baby's first year: "Don't worry about teaching as much as providing a rich and emotionally supportive atmosphere."

As Fischer's statement indicates, much of the new research emphasizes the extreme importance of the infant's relationship with its mother. (And/or its father, and/or what the linguistically liberated call the "caregiver.") She must not only feed it, and love it, but endlessly talk to it, play games with it, show it what is happening in the world. Rutgers' Lewis has tested 100 babies for mental development at three months and recorded their mothers' response to the infants' signs of distress. He was hardly surprised to find that those who had been more warmly cared for had learned more by the time they were retested at the age of one year. This kind of nurturing is essential to both emotional and intellectual growth; indeed, the two are inseparable. "The baby who doesn't smile may be giving us a more reliable indicator than cognitive tests," says Psychiatrist Eleanor Galenson of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Medical Center.

The baby's smile is also a kind of judgment on the care that its mother has been providing. "All these new data about how early the baby can distinguish things should upgrade motherhood, restore some prestige to it," says Dr. Benjamin Spock, 80, who taught a benign form of child rearing to a whole generation of Americans. "Motherhood has had an ever reduced amount of importance placed on it in our strange, overly intellectualized, overly scientific society."

According to traditional wisdom, all mothers know instinctively how to rear their children, but unfortunately that is not always true. Indeed, the instinct has been vehemently denied by Elisabeth Badinter, the French philosophy professor who wrote *Mother Love: Myth and Reality*. But even if a mother's nurturing is an instinct, it requires some experience as well, and if the ability is entirely a learned trait, it is sometimes none too well learned. To check on how consciously mothers interact with their babies, Psychiatrist Daniel Stern of the Cornell University Medical Center has been observing nearly 100 mothers playing with infants eight to twelve months old. "Whenever we notice that the baby has put on an emotional expression that the mother has seen, we look at how she responded to it," says Stern. "Then we ask her why she did it, what she thought the baby was feeling, what she expected to accomplish, and whether she knew what she was doing at the time." His preliminary findings: about one-third of the mothers were fully aware of what Stern calls the attunement with their infants, another third were quite unaware of it, and the rest were essentially unaware but could recall it when it was pointed out to them.

This extremely important emotional interplay, often described as "bonding," is a combination of love and play, but it is now seen as something else, a kind of wordless dialogue. The baby not only understands what the mother is communicating, or not communicating, but it is trying to tell her things, if she will only listen. Says Dr. Bennett Leventhal of the University of Chicago's Child Psychiatry Clinic: "We now know that babies send messages very early. In their first year of life, they are good students. They are also very good teachers, but they have to have someone to interact with them. There are sometimes very competent babies with very incompetent parents."

Many psychologists believe the new research enables them to anticipate future problems in even the youngest children "We can now document where a baby may be unable to pick up sensory data; we can spot abnormalities in the emotional areas," says Stanley Greenspan, chief of the Clinical Infant Research Unit of the National Institute of Mental Health in Adelphi, Md. "There is no evidence that

Schooling of a sort starts early at a Gymboree in California

"We've tried to create a 'yes' environment," says Founder Barnes.

an infant's emotional problems are self-corrective. The environment that contributed to early damage will continue to contribute if one does not intervene."

One early and important symptom of trouble, says Greenspan, is the failure of mother or child to look at each other. Greenspan makes videotapes of such cases. Here is Amanda, age four months, who turns her head away and generally shows what Greenspan calls "an active avoidance of the human world." Small wonder. Amanda's mother was raising her alone and suffered bouts of deep depression. Greenspan and his therapists spent four months playing with Amanda and engaging her interest; the videotape taken at eight months shows the baby cheering her mother along. Says Greenspan, with some satisfaction: "She developed coping facilities stronger than those of her mother."

Psychologists talking about "environment" often mean primarily the psychological structure of the family, but the social and economic environment is hardly less important to a child's development. Fully 13.5 million children in the U.S. live below the official poverty line. Nearly 7.5 million children are currently on welfare. More than half a million babies are born every year to American teen-agers.

The effects of such deprivation on infancy are hard to gauge scientifically, but Dr. Gerald Young of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Medical Center says flatly, "If you want to guess what a child will be like at age seven, look first to the socioeconomic background." This is not simply a matter of economic hardship or nutritional deficiency. Says Brown's Lipsitt: "The socioeconomic index is as powerful a predictor of later intellectual prowess as any variable we've got, but it doesn't operate in a vacuum. It is a representation of the way people live and relate toward each other, and the way they behave toward babies."

One interesting demonstration of this theory was undertaken more than a decade ago by a team of psychologists at the University of Wisconsin. Struck by the fact that many of the mentally retarded children in a Milwaukee slum had retarded mothers, they took 40 infants whose mothers had IQs of less than 75 and put 20 of them in special day care centers. From the age of three months on, the children began getting lessons in language and arithmetic as well as various other kinds of stimulation. By the time they reached school age, their average IQ was more than 100 (none was retarded); the 20 children who had received no special treatment had an average IQ of 85, and 60% were judged to be retarded.

The question of child rearing outside the home cuts across all classes. There are currently 4.1 million working women with children under the age of three, and one survey showed that nearly 70% of working women who have babies return to their job within four months. Overall, about 8 million of today's preschool children receive some form of day care (1 million in day care centers, 3.5 million in family day care homes and 3.5 million tended by relatives and baby sitters). If the nurturing mother is as important as psychiatrists say, hired substitutes may seem a poor alternative, but most psychological researchers reject any such conclusion. All a baby basically needs, they say, is at least someone who is consistently there and who really cares. All depends, obviously, on the quality of the day care—and of the home. In the case of the Milwaukee experiment with the potentially retarded, day care was a rescue service. But in one typical Maryland county, 788 regulated day care facilities have room for only 8,560 of the 65,000 children under 14 who have working mothers.

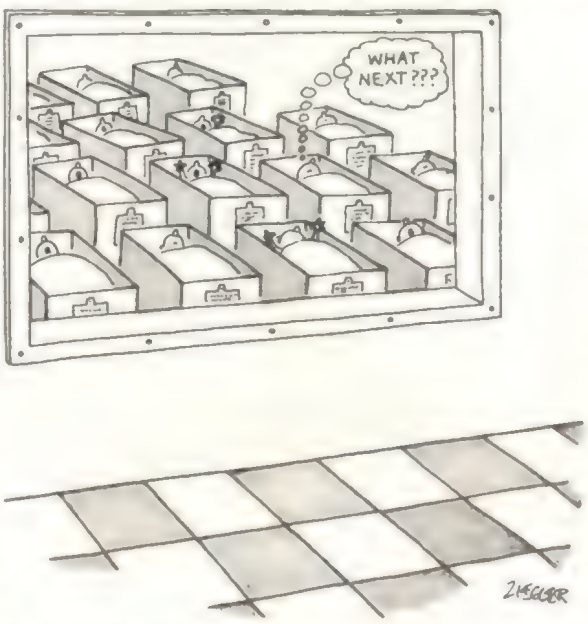
How good the average day care is remains something of a guess. Bernice Weissbourd, who founded the Chicago-based Family Focus groups to provide support and advice for new parents, argues that any day care service that has more than three infants per adult (and that includes most) is inadequate. "Too often," she warns, "the parents' main questions are simply how close to home is it and how much does it cost." But of day care as such, Cornell Psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner says categorically, "There is no hard evidence that day care has a negative effect."

Whatever the difficulties, the overwhelming majority of parents want very much to do the best for their children, if only they can be sure what that best is, and that is anything but certain. Most experts say the need is great. "Not more than one child in ten gets off to as good a start as he could," says Burton White, author of *The First Three Years of Life*. Harvard's Kagan, on the other hand, urges parents to provide "a nurturant environment" and declares, "It's easy. Oh, it's easy. There's not a lot of witchcraft here."

Important changes come so slowly that they are taken for granted. Children's sheets used to be all white; now they are explosions of color. The mobile over the crib, which first seemed arty and pretentious, has become almost a basic piece of furniture. The backpacks that were once associated with Indian women carrying papooses are now sold everywhere, not only as a convenience for mothers but as an opportunity for the baby to get out of the house and see the world.

Thus the old keeps becoming the new. Much of what modern research is so elaborately documenting is what parents have always known—whether from instinct or from common sense or from the teachings of their own parents—that babies need and respond to love, attention, stimulation, education, in perhaps roughly that order. The research documents not only the importance of such needs but the damage that can occur when they go unanswered. Yet even these blessings of the latest orthodoxy can be overdone. "We are learning that everything will have an impact on an infant, but we still need to know exactly what happens," cautions Psychologist Rose Caron of George Washington University's Infant Research Laboratory in Silver Spring, Md. "It's conceivable that a child's competency might be diminished because of too much early stimulation."

"Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself," cried Walt Whitman. The creation of a baby is full of paradoxes and illogicalities. The cost of raising a child to 18, approaching $100,000 in the U.S., according to one estimate, would deter any sensible investor. So would the prospect of more than 20 years of anxiety and irritation. But having a baby remains, for most people, an act of faith. It represents a belief in better things to come, not just for themselves but for the world. That is a faith shared by the myriad baby researchers. Says Rutgers' Lewis: "Can we produce a better society with healthier children? The answer is yes." And in the very moment of birth, as a tiny, dark, wet head thrusts out into the world, every baby fulfills that belief. Then comes the first squall. *—By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/Boston and Melissa Ludtke/New York, with other bureaus*



DRAWING BY ZIEGLER, © 1980 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC

Under the Volcanoes

GORILLAS IN THE MIST *by Dian Fossey; Houghton Mifflin; 326 pages; $19.95*

The local poachers called her Nyiramachabelli, "the old lady who lives in the forest without a man." The natives knew how to needle a middle-aged American woman who had spent the better part of 15 years slogging through Africa's Virunga Mountains with notebook and camera. In fact, little love was lost between the poachers and Dian Fossey. She destroyed their snares, confiscated their caches of weapons and hashish, and persuaded officials to prosecute the killers of her beloved gorillas.

It is not hard to understand what launched Fossey's gorilla war. One photo in her book shows the headless, handless corpse of a young male who had fought a rearguard action while his family escaped the spears of trophy hunters. Yes, gentle reader, there are people who will pay to have a massive primate's head on their coffee table and use the severed hands for ashtrays.

But they had better get their orders in before the grisly supply runs out. Despite efforts to protect the mountain gorilla (as distinguished from the more numerous lowland gorilla), the great ape is drifting toward extinction. Fossey's compassionate field study offers some solidly documented reasons. Only about 240 survivors of this subspecies of the *Pongidae* family remain. Their habitat, roughly 225 sq. mi. straddling three countries in Central Africa, is being reduced by members of the family *Hominidae*. Some are Rwandese, others Ugandans and citizens of Zaïre. And they have a few survival problems of their own.

Mountainous Rwanda, notes Fossey, is smaller than Maryland and one of the world's poorest nations. In order to support its population of nearly 5 million (expected to double by century's end), the "little Switzerland of Africa" keeps encroaching on portions of the gorilla preserve known as the Parc National des Volcans.

Fossey first went to Africa on a seven-week safari in 1963, worshipfully following in the footsteps of Naturalists Carl Akeley and George Schaller, whose *The Year of the Gorilla* popularized the behavior of the *ngagi*—Kinyarwanda for the shy beasts that live under the extinct volcanoes of the Virungas. Three years later, Anthropologist Louis Leakey visited her in the U.S. and suggested that she return. She worked in the Republic of the Congo until a civil war mandated a change of habitat. Her rather daring escape to Rwanda was made in a truck named Lily with two pet chickens, and a pistol hidden in a box of Kleenex.

By contrast, the naturalist advises that one should never run from a charging gorilla. Bursting through the brush with a shriek that could shatter glass, a startled full-grown male is an invitation to incontinence. But, says Fossey, the display is usually a bluff. A gorilla's immediate response to intruders, she explains, is to protect its family, a group numbering from two to 20 members that is led by a dominant polygamous male known as a silverback. The animals are rarely excited by familiar, unthreatening visitors. Strangers who calmly hold their ground (pretending to eat grass is a disarming tactic) seldom receive more than a harmless swipe. Those who flee risk being bitten.

Fossey learned to move among the mountain gorillas like an out-of-town cousin and got even closer when she discovered they enjoy being tickled. Such proximity yielded intimate details. Individual animals can readily be identified by their noses; no two have the same shape. Silverbacks exude two distinct odors. One smells like a human locker room. The other, a pungent fear scent, is released by glands in the armpit. From the author's descriptions, family life resembles a picnic on the grass. Hulks shamble off to nibble vegetation or lie about contemplating their toes. "Naoom, naoom" is the low, belching sound of a contented gorilla.

There is a goofy nobility about these domestic scenes that leads one to ask What do gorillas think about? Certainly not about making off with Fay Wray or Dian Fossey. Food, safety and building a nest for the night seem uppermost in those broad, sloping heads. Females in estrus have one thing on their minds: mating with their leaders who, in turn, worry about rivals. Kinship bonds are strong; encounters between unrelated groups can be bloody, and sometimes fatal to the young. Indeed infanticide occurs often enough to constitute a serious problem for the ape image. For in the end, gorillas are usually judged not as other animals but as near humans. From Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* to *King Kong*, we have projected our own fears, sentimentality and monstrous selves on these hapless beasts and punished them accordingly.

Fossey firmly establishes these animals in the world where they belong. She may give them cute names like Puck, Pantsy and Macho, but she maintains her scientific distance. There are enough kinship studies, spectographic charts and dung analyses to keep specialists happy. The general reader will be rewarded with adventure, in which virtually nothing has been distorted by preconception or self-absorption. *Gorillas in the Mist* is a work of direct and refreshing experience. If 1,000 Hamlets were chained to typewriters for eternity, they could not have written this book.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

DIAN FOSSEY © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Gorilla mother and son, aged eight months

Excerpt

"The group was charging from above, when the tall vegetation gave way as though an out-of-control tractor were headed directly for me.

Upon recognizing me, the group's dominant silverback swiftly braked to a stop three feet away, causing the four males behind him, momentarily and ungracefully, to pile up on top of him. At this instant I slowly sank to the ground to assume as submissive a pose as possible. The hair on each male's headcrest stood erect . . . canines were fully exposed, the irises of ordinarily soft brown eyes glinted yellow—more like those of cats than of gorillas—and an overpowering fear odor permeated the air. For a good half-hour all five males screamed if I made even the slightest movement. After a 30-minute period, the group . . . finally moved rigidly out of sight uphill."

In Germany, we designed the new Audi 5000 to be the world's most aerodynamic luxury car. If you think it's the most beautiful, all the better.

© 1983 Porsche Audi

The new 5000S is, in fact, the world's most aerodynamic sedan. But this is an engineering accomplishment and, indeed, not an exercise in seductive sheetmetallurgy.

Breaking the Drag Coefficient Barrier. This beautifully sculpted luxury sedan has the lowest "aero" drag coefficient of any sedan sold in America. 0.33.

Years of design and refinement in six European wind tunnels have produced a sedan that is truly a technological marvel.

Blended with Audi's superior aerodynamics is Audi's superior roadworthiness. Fifty-three years of our pioneering front-wheel drive sophistication and a performance-tuned, wide-track suspension system.

Impressive Quality. Impressive Warranty. Built with infinite care, the new 5000S was road tested over 3.2 million kilometers, from Europe to Africa's Sahara Desert to North America.

This new luxury sedan is of such high-quality craftsmanship that we've covered it with our outstanding, new 24-month/unlimited mileage warranty.*

Best Value in its Class. With all of this thoughtful engineering comes an equally thoughtful price. $15,800**. If you think that's the most beautiful feature of the new 5000S, all the better.

*For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer, who can give you complete information on this limited warranty, call toll-free (800) 447-4700. PORSCHE + AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

Sad Songs

THE TIMES ARE NEVER SO BAD
by Andre Dubus
Godine; 180 pages; $13.95

At several moments in this collection of eight short stories and a novella, characters turn on a radio or record player and listen to country and western music: Crystal Gayle, Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson. Author Andre Dubus, 47, makes this C & W name dropping seem more than a bid for easy topicality. He writes about people whose lives evoke sad songs and wailing pedal steel guitars. They work at checkout counters, wait on tables, tend bar or fry hamburgers at fast-food outlets. All are somehow stranded, searching for a pattern to their existence beyond the wet circles left behind by their beer cans or cocktail glasses.

Few of them succeed, but Dubus never condescends to their often inarticulate yearnings. In *The Pretty Girl*, for instance, there is clearly something terribly wrong with Ray Yarborough. He rapes his ex-wife Polly at knife point and severely beats the man she had slept with during the bad last days of the marriage. Dubus gives Yarborough his say, allows him, in fact, to tell much of his own story: "They would call it rape and assault with a deadly weapon, but those words don't apply to me and Polly. I was taking back my wife for a while; and taking back, for a while anyway, some of what she took from me. That is what it felt like: I went to her place torn and came out mended."

Andre Dubus

Shifting toward redemptive suffering.

The constant enemy in these stories is what one character calls "the normal pain of being alive." People go to abnormal lengths to evade it. But booze and drugs only postpone unhappiness, and possessions do no better. In *Anna*, an impoverished young man robs a drugstore and gets away with a little more than $2,000. He takes his wife to a local mall for a shopping binge: color TV, stereo, albums, vacuum cleaner. Later, the money almost gone, he regrets not stealing some drugs for resale as well as the money. His wife says: "There's too much to get. There's no way we could ever get it all." He replies: "A *lot* of it, though. *Some* of it."

These bleak emotional landscapes will look familiar to readers of Dubus' three earlier collections of short fiction. Yet there is something new here: a religious sense, largely implicit in previous stories, that is now explicitly Roman Catholic. The narrator of *A Father's Story*, the last and best piece in this volume, is a devout believer whose wife has left and divorced him, making it impossible for him to marry again with the church's blessing. And he will not do so without it: "For ritual allows those who cannot will themselves out of the secular to perform the spiritual, as dancing allows the tongue-tied man a ceremony of love." Years of loneliness have strengthened his faith and given him a sense of how his marriage failed: "Twelve years later I believe ritual would have healed us more quickly than the repetitious talks we had, perhaps even kept us healed." The shift from senseless to redemptive suffering marks Dubus as a writer with a distinguished past and a promising future.

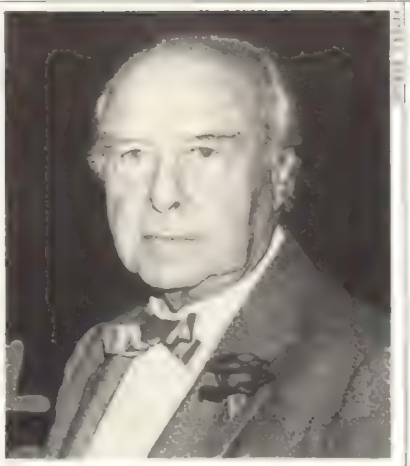
—**By Paul Gray**

Act III

FINAL DRESS
by John Houseman
Simon & Schuster; 559 pages; $19.95

The director-producer-actor-author, who is 81, was raised to be a wanderer: his mother was Welsh-Irish, and his father was an Alsatian Jew who was an international speculator. John Houseman spoke four languages as a child, was educated as a privileged Englishman, won an Oxford scholarship in modern languages, but went instead to Argentina to live among gauchos, returned to London, and learned the international grain trade. He was on the point of becoming wealthy as a grain speculator in the U.S. when the Crash of '29 bankrupted his company. His entry into the performing arts occurred simply because he had married an actress and knew a few theater people.

In his early 30s, with no experience whatsoever, Houseman found himself in Harlem, directing the first production of the Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*. Not long afterward he became Orson Welles' principal collaborator in the renowned and innovative Mercury Theater. In 1955, when this third volume of his memoirs resumes, Houseman is about to rescue the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., after its wobbly first year. He has just finished a stint as a movie producer (*Julius Caesar* with Marlon Brando; *Lust for Life* with Kirk Douglas). He goes on to direct some of *Playhouse 90's* best episodes, then establishes a superior drama department at Lincoln Center's Juilliard School. Most of the time he is working by the light of at least one moon, directing an opera, salvaging somebody else's stalled dramatic production, setting up a repertory group.



John Houseman

Observer of furies and hysterias.

Such an account in other hands might be a pompous progression of rave reviews, gently tinted by hindsight. Not here. Houseman has an adequate ego, but he is caustic and funny, a wry observer of theatrical furies and hysterias, including his own. He admits, stout fellow, to taking on the direction of a hopeless Jane Fonda film (*The Cool of the Day*) simply because it is to be shot on location in Greece and he wants a vacation.

Houseman never thinks of himself as an actor, but late in his career he is persuaded to play Professor Kingsfield, the law-school curmudgeon, in the film *The Paper Chase* and then in a subsequent TV series. At the Academy Awards the following year he waits "with clenched buttocks for some goon lady to open an envelope." The prize propels him into yet another subcareer in his 70s, acting in films and commercials.

One wonders what might have happened to Houseman had the Great Depression not ejected him from his merchant princedom in the grain-trading business. No doubt he would have become rich. Then, given his artistic bent, he would certainly have involved himself in the theater, probably as one of those opinionated amateurs, an intrusive, indispensable backer of the exasperating kind he describes at several points in his story. Certainly Houseman could have played such a role with ease. But if he had, who would have played Houseman?

—*By John Skow*

Germany Without Tears

BERLIN ALEXANDERPLATZ *Directed and Written by R.W. Fassbinder*

Franz Biberkopf presses his hands to the sides of his head, as if he were about to pulverize a rancid cantaloupe, and screams. He staggers wildly about the apartment-house courtyard, its high walls allowing the merest tantalizing glimpse of sky. This is Germany, 1927. As the nation spun from the humiliation of Versailles to economic and social anarchy, and then into the toxic delirium of the Third Reich, so Franz spins. A laborer and part-time pimp who has just been released from prison after serving four years for beating a girlfriend to death, Franz has few resources of intelligence or nobility upon which to build a decent new life. He is dull and heavy, a Zolaesque human beast, but less a villain than a big lug. His attention span is so short he cannot even hold a grudge. He feels no remorse for the wrong he has done, no vengeance toward those who have wronged him. His life is determined by forces—of personality, of society, of fate—he has neither the will nor the power to control. He is the simple, dogged, malleable soul of Germany between the wars, when there was little sunlight and a person had every right to scream.

In his novel *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1929) Alfred Döblin dissected and described his characters' passions with the meticulous disinterest of a big-city coroner ("Then she sank to the part of his body she thought was his heart but was in fact his sternum and the upper lobe of his left lung"). A physician like his spiritual contemporary Céline, Döblin saw Germany as a huge human slaughterhouse and Franz as "a big, good-natured sheep." Mixing statistics of death and disease with the story of some petty, brutal people living in East Berlin, Döblin created a 600-page epic that was part newsreel, part nightmare—a documentary melodrama written in blood and neon. Through his art he exercised the control that Franz and his friends could never exert on their lives.

So it was with Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Germany's pre-eminent stage and film director died last year at 36, a fat, wasted mess, bloated with drink and drugs like so many of his movies' protagonists. Yet his films, such as *Ali* and *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, were models of brisk precision (they had to be: he made 40 or so in only 13 years), and his camera was a most fastidious voyeur, observing every ruction of sexual violence with sympathy at a distance. Döblin and Fassbinder were a perfect book-and-movie match, and the young director knew it. He read *Berlin Alexanderplatz* as a boy of 15, reread it at 20, and realized that "an enormous part of myself, my attitudes, my reactions, so many of the things I had considered all my own, were none other than those described by Döblin. I had . . . unconsciously made Döblin's fantasy my own life." In 1980 he got the chance to turn his life into a movie, when Bavaria Studios gave him $6 million for a 14-episode film of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*. The relentless, triumphant result—15 hours, 21 minutes of degradation redeemed by art—opens this week in a Manhattan moviehouse. (It will be shown in five weekly segments, each about three hours long.)

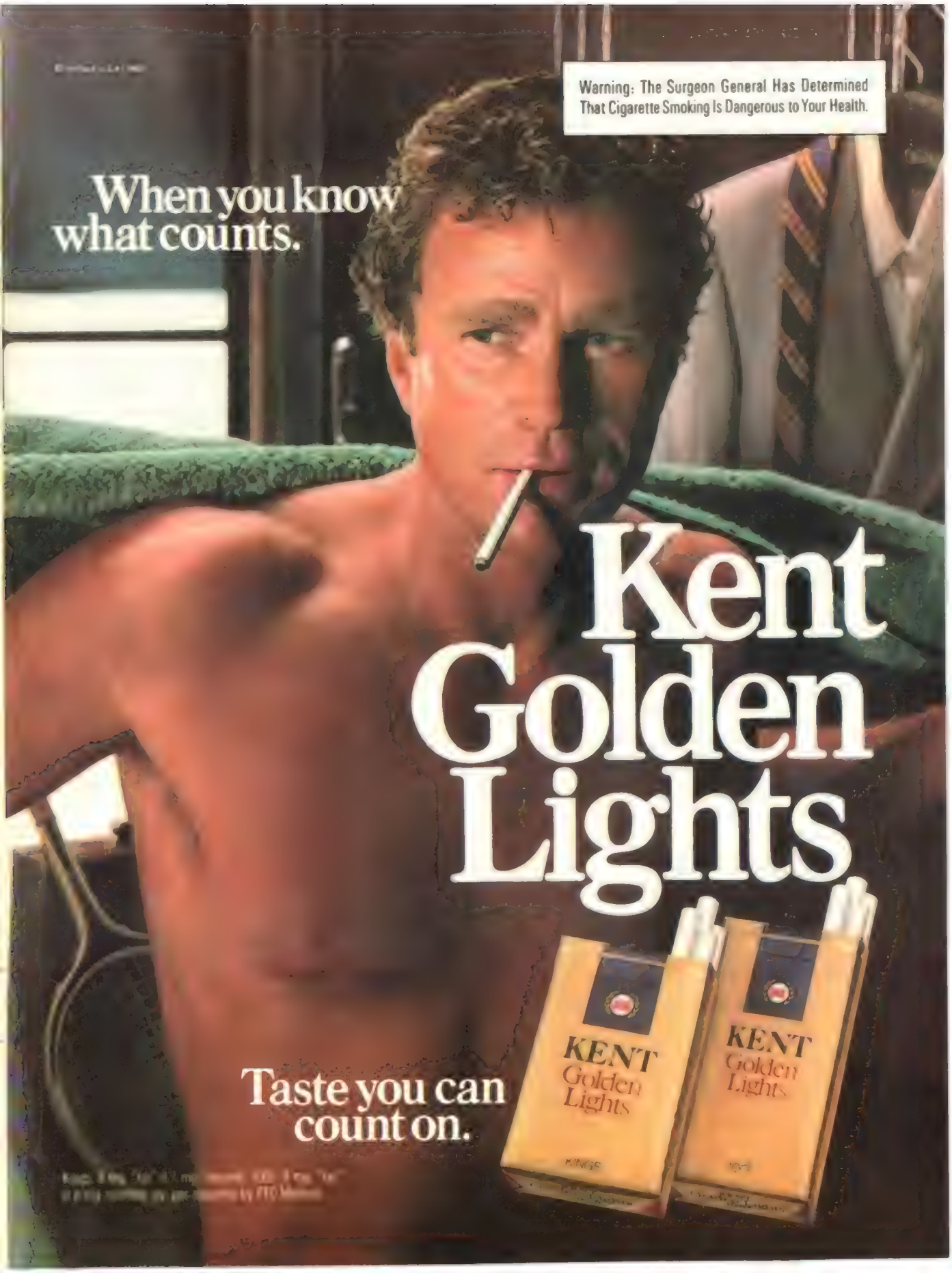
Lamprecht, Buchrieser and Trissenaar in a Berlin bar; inset, Fassbinder

In Germany between the wars, a person had every right to scream.

Once out of prison, Franz (Gunter Lamprecht) takes an oath to stay honest. In his terms, that means peddling tie clips, shoelaces, sex books, even Nazi newspapers, but not pimping or joining a gang of thieves led by the brusque dandy Pums (Ivan Desny) and including his friend Meck (Franz Buchrieser) and the reptilian sadist Reinhold (Gottfried John). Franz's reward for innocently going with the gang on a heist one night is to be pushed by Reinhold from the van and have his right arm crushed under the wheel of an approaching car. Reinhold pushes other things on Franz: his cast-off women. Soon the one-armed man is a secondhand stud for a series of gross, silly and pathetic trollops. There are three exceptions: Lina (Elisabeth Trissenaar), gorgeous and sassy, whom Franz meets soon after his release from prison; Eva (Hanna Schygulla), a former mistress who is now an expensive call girl; and Mieze (Barbara Sukowa), a simple, gentle girl of small shrugs and a guileless smile. By the end, with Reinhold's malefic help, she and Franz will have become the secret agents of their own destruction.

Who are these women, that the horizon of their hopes is so low? And why do they stay with their roughhouse Romeos? Because the alternative is a new man just as bad as the last one, or, worse, no man at all. They give everything to their men and expect nothing in return, and so they are not surprised when their men turn into beasts. That is natural. Döblin and Fassbinder suggest: we are all predatory animals, driven by the compulsions to fornicate and dominate. A bear of a man, Franz makes love with feral ferocity, strapping his mate around his body, biting her neck in carnivore passion. It takes a special kind of actor to play Franz, and Lamprecht, who looks like a cross between Emil Jannings and Hermann Goering, has the stolid majesty for the role. As for Fassbinder's actresses, they have always been lush galvanizers who surrender voluptuously to the jagged contours of melodrama. The viewer surrenders, just as willingly, to Trissenaar, a Diane Keaton–type, but with brains and guts and class; to Schygulla, with her wicked-witch profile and wicked, witty mouth; and to Sukowa, who, as sweet sad Mieze, blazes trails of girlish naiveté into the jungle of male psychopathy.

No film that is the length of Wagner's *Ring* will be without its longueurs, and this one falls into a second-act slump that lasts about three hours. But the best and the most of *Berlin* is the best that Fassbinder—or just about anyone else lately—has done. He balances the weight of Döblin's carefully repetitious dialogue with the buoyancy of his creamy, elegiac visual style. He interrupts the naturalism of lives on the skids with scenes of shocking surrealism: an old goat-man slaughters a calf; Mieze's corpse turns to soft-focus glitter, as if she had become in death a Hollywood star; a scorpion clambers up the entwined legs of two lovers, across the woman's breast and into the bloody gape of her slit throat. In the past, Fassbinder had seemed a master without masterpieces, teasing with his outsize talent but never quite delivering. And now, posthumously, a glorious surprise. *Berlin Alexanderplatz* is the goods. —**By Richard Corliss**


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
When you know what counts.
Kent Golden Lights
Taste you can count on.
KENT Golden Lights
KINGS
KENT Golden Lights

Signature Service: What a signed commitment to excellence means to Mercedes-Benz owners.

When you own an automobile that's engineered like no other car in the world, you expect service of the same caliber.

For this reason, authorized Mercedes-Benz dealers have always taken special pains to offer their customers outstanding service.

Signature Service, however, goes a step further.

It involves a *personal* commitment to giving you service as unparalleled for quality and efficiency as the Mercedes-Benz you drive.

Signature Service involves a personal commitment to excellence. Here, a folder signed by the Service Advisor responsible for servicing your car.

The dealer makes a rare commitment

Each dealer who offers Signature Service makes certain that everyone on the staff abides by the same high standards of courtesy, efficiency and thoroughness.

Signed name tags–part of the visible evidence you'll find of Signature Service.

You'll find visible evidence of this unusual commitment throughout the dealership–special wall plaques in the service area, employee name tags. And a showroom display, signed by the dealer, with the following words:

"As an authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer, we are dedicated to provide the unparalleled service our customers expect and deserve..."

But, in truth, the dealer's commitment would mean little without the commitment of the entire staff.

For this reason, *everyone*–from the Service Manager to the Service Advisor and Service Technicians who work on your car–makes a personal commitment to giving you outstanding service.

Each technician puts his reputation on the line

On the wall in the service area you'll find these words prominently displayed:

"I am committed to provide the standard of service Mercedes-Benz customers expect and deserve. My signature is a personal endorsement of the quality of the work I have performed as part of the Signature Service program

"I have successfully completed the Mercedes-Benz skills training courses in service maintenance and repair. In order to keep pace with technology, product development, and new service methods, I continually participate in advanced and specialized training courses."

And when you pick up your car you'll get a Courtesy Folder *signed* by the Service Advisor responsible for servicing your car.

Not because he's supposed to "sign a folder"–but because he takes great pride in providing outstanding service for his Mercedes-Benz customers.

More than a facade

Signature Service is more than promises and good intentions. More than signatures.

You'll *sense* its value throughout the dealership, in an unmistakable enthusiasm. A personal commitment to excellence.

See the list at right for the Mercedes-Benz dealers who offer Signature Service near you.

Signature Service is unparalleled for quality and efficiency.

© 1983 Mercedes-Benz N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.

MERCEDES-BENZ SIGNATURE SERVICE

Where to get Signature Service:

Cordes Motors, Inc.
Alton, IL

Mark Motors, Inc.
Arlington Heights, IL

Motor Werks of Barrington, Inc.
Barrington, IL

Ed Mathieu Imports, Inc.
Chicago Heights, IL

Loeber Motors, Inc.–Broadway
Chicago, IL

Sawyer Auto Imports, Inc.
De Kalb, IL

Star Motors, Inc.
Evergreen Park, IL

Autohaus Fortense, Inc.
Forsyth, IL

Mayer Bros. Motor Sales, Inc.
Marion, IL

Autohaus on Edens, Inc.
Northbrook, IL

Shepherd Foreign Cars, Inc.
Oak Park, IL

Laurel Motors, Inc.
Westmont, IL

Chippewa Valley Motors, Inc.
Eau Claire, WI

Zimbrick, Inc.
Madison, WI

Berndt Classic Imports
West Allis, WI

Charles Nichols Motors, Inc.
Racine, WI

Concours Motors, Inc.
Glendale, WI

Three Cool Sips of Summer

Tired of Hollywood bang-bang? Try a little tenderness

THE GREY FOX

They put Bill Miner in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches. By the time he was released, some 30 years later, Wells Fargo had sold its horses and invested in railroads, and the movies had been invented in order to fill idle minds with devilish ideas. Watching *The Great Train Robbery* in 1903, the old gent perceives a profitable way to enliven his sunset years. All he needs is horses, a few accomplices and, of course, some trains to stick up.

On the whole, this was not the best idea Bill Miner ever had. He may have been the first man ever to hold up a train in Canada, and to do it in an incongruously sweet manner. According to the film, Miner liked opera, was the tolerant and understanding lover of an abrasive early feminist-photographer and never hurt anyone in the course of his depredation. On the other hand, his takings were minuscule, his life as a fugitive mostly hard. And he managed to rile the lawmen of two countries, who quickly truncated his second career.

Sweet Richard

Screenwriter John Hunter makes the story of this latter-day Rip Van Winkle strangely touching; anyone struggling to adapt to the technologies of the 1980s is bound to admire his good-humored patience with the ways of the world he never made. Director Phillip Borsos has an unpretentious eye for natural beauty and an admirable restraint that forces neither the melodrama nor the elegy. And Richard Farnsworth, the former stuntman who was so fine in *Comes a Horseman*, gives another splendid performance here. Like the movie, he is slight but sturdy. Film and actor compel one to lean forward in order to catch all their whispered nuances.

—By Richard Schickel

KRULL

The time: "Neither the past nor the future." The place: the planet Krull, under enemy attack from metallic meanies who could be the second front of Darth Vader's army. The hero: Prince Colwyn (Ken Marshall), risking his world to save the flame-tressed Lyssa (Lysette Anthony). His hearty crew: a wizened wizard named Ynyr (Freddie Jones), a sad-faced Cyclops (Bernard Bresslaw), the scabrous brigand Torquil (Alun Armstrong) and Ergo, the inept conjurer (David Battley). The villain: a reptilian Beast who looks like the Alien from the Black Lagoon.

Attentive viewers will recognize *Krull* as the 68th variation on medieval sci-fi, where Camelot meets Middle Earth, and Errol Flynn engages in just enough Star Wars to keep Screenwriter Stanford Sherman and Director Peter Yates out of plagiarism court. Like the cycle's earlier entries, *Krull* offers battles, special effects and a hero and heroine with all the humanity of furniture on feet. But there are ingenuities of décor and character here. The Beast's fortress contains vaulted corridors that resemble a vulture's rib cage; his lair is a rococo igloo; walls close in on Lyssa like giant pillows. The senior good guys, notably Ynyr and Cyclops, move with a certain sad majesty. The Cyclops' knowing wink (or is it a blink?) is a hint of mature fatalism: he knows too much about this world—our world—to participate wholeheartedly in its redemption.

Baaad Beast

—R.C.

PAULINE AT THE BEACH

The game most Hollywood directors play with their audience is: How much can we get away with? The French game is called: How little? On the serene coast of Normandy, six characters ranging in age from 15 to 40 compete in a low-key triathlon of sailing, wind surfing and sexual deception. Enter the elegant geometry of French farce: young Pauline (Amanda Langlet) is sweet on Sylvain, who has a dalliance with flippy Louisette, who has made time with Henry, who is now sleeping with the magnificent Marion (Arielle Dombasle), who has jilted Pierre. Poor Pierre is obsessed by Marion's unnerving perfection of body and spirit. Henry is almost bored by it; a perverse gourmand of sex, he wants to spend his life opening diseased oysters, not finding pearls.

Years ago, Eric Rohmer made a marvelous six-film series called "Moral Tales." His new series, of which *Pauline* is the third, should be called "Negligible Tales." His themes—the natural superiority of women, summer as the season when romantic rules can be bent, conversation as the sexiest form of foreplay—are by no means trivial, but this time his people are. The film's pleasure comes not from its characters' garrulousness but from their eloquent body language, which Pauline watches with a virgin's wide, wise eyes, wondering why otherwise sensible people waste time playing *la ronde éternelle*.

Perfect Arielle

—R.C.

"Claims aren't all alike, so State Farm has five different ways to get you action."

State Farm Agent Gary Jensen, Franklin, North Carolina

"Homeowners insurance or car insurance—State Farm has several ways to give you fast, fair claims service in the United States and Ontario, New Brunswick and Alberta, Canada. We'll make sure you'll find the one that's right for you."

Like a good neighbor, State Farm is there.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois

STATE FARM INSURANCE

Doyenne of Daytime

Agnes Nixon launches her first new soap in 13 years

The tribulations in this academic community go far beyond publish or perish. There is the oh-so-smooth college president who is scheming to become a political bigwig. There is the cuckolded football coach whose wanton wife is exchanging signals with the star quarterback. There is the ogreish dean who keeps his pristine daughter locked away in his gothic manse. Meanwhile, no one seems to be paying much attention to books, lectures, homework or grades. That is because Alden University exists only in a mythical grove called Soapland and in the mind of a woman who creates worlds that flicker on the mental screens of millions.

That woman is Agnes Nixon, 55, the acknowleged doyenne of daytime drama, the wizard of such ongoing washboard weepers as *One Life to Live, Search for Tomorrow, All My Children, Another World, As the World Turns* and *The Guiding Light*, each of which she either created or once served as head writer. And now there is the freshly minted college town of Corinth, the setting for *Loving*, ABC's first new soap opera in eight years and Nixon's first new soap in 13. *Loving*, which airs daily at 11:30 a.m. E.D.T., is only five weeks old and thus far ranks among the least buoyant of the soaps: No. 11 of 13 last week. But a new entry needs time, often as much as two years, to find both a following and a rhythm. ABC is not worried. Nixon has had a successful serial on TV five days a week, every week, for the past 27 years.

Soaps have long been a bonanza for the networks. Daytime programs contribute about 20% of network revenues, but because of their modest production costs they yield a disproportionate 35% to 40% of network profits. Nixon can take credit for generating more of the networks' daytime revenue than any other individual. With the sales of her shows and her annual six-figure income, she has become a multimillionaire.

Although she once dictated a niagara of dialogue into a tape recorder every week, Nixon today works only on the daily plots and long-term story projections for *Loving* and *All My Children*. She supervises like a master marionetteer, manipulating her characters from above, dictating their future actions as much as nine months in advance.

If life were a soap opera, then Nixon would undoubtedly be the inspiring heroine who weathers the storm and stress with a patient smile and unwearying resilience. The daughter of a burial-garments manufacturer in Nashville, Aggie Eckardt yearned to write drama. After she graduated from Northwestern University's School of Speech in 1946, her skeptical father got her an audience with the querulous queen of soap opera, the prolific Irna Phillips, creator of *The Guiding Light* and *Another World*. Agnes was hired on the spot to be a soap writer in Chicago.

ABC's matchless master marionetteer

She's weathered the storm and stress.

In 1951 she created her first serial, *Search for Tomorrow*, and moved to Philadelphia after marrying Bob Nixon, a Chrysler executive. The lone child of divorced parents, Agnes craved a big family. Soon, she recalls, "I was doing a 15-minute show at home and having babies and rearing them [four in all]. It was a cottage industry. I was just this strange mother in the suburbs of Philadelphia who wrote soap operas. And then it grew like Topsy and I sort of grew with it." As she grew, she also forced soap opera to grow up.

Perturbed by critics who accused soaps of being a wasteland of roiling organ music and shallow emotions, Nixon began to inject social themes into her shows. The breakthrough came in 1968 when she created *One Life to Live*, which transported soap opera from the age of innocence and prudery to a controversial new world of relevance and physical love. Suddenly, there were not only pregnant pauses but pregnant teen-agers. *One Life* had sequences involving premarital sex, drug addiction and racism, and integrated assorted ethnic types into the white-bread Waspiness of Soapland. Nixon even introduced a sympathetic child abuser in order to explain that "these people are sick, not criminals." The show flashed a hot-line number for people seeking help to call after the show. People did.

Nixon is canny enough to know that while controversy may capture a viewer's attention, only character will keep it. Pinned above her desk at home near Philadelphia, Nixon notes, is a quotation reminding her that "situations change, but human nature does not." Her fictional children may suffer from Viet Nam Flashback Syndrome or venereal disease, but their real problems are always rooted in the rag-and-bone shop of the heart. According to ABC Vice President JoAnn Emmerich, Nixon's secret is that she "knows who the character is before she starts writing: they are characters who have a history." In a genre where amnesia was once a more common ailment than headaches, Nixon is often the poet of the quotidian: her characters can be as petty, venal and trite as those in real life.

FAMOUS—ABC

Three of *Loving*'s company of memorable characters

Problems rooted in the rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

Her most enduring characters, like TV's bitch goddess Erica Kane, *All My Children's* suburban Iago, inhabit the unconscious of America. Future sociologists may watch reruns of Nixon's soaps the way students today read Dickens. Indeed, like the didactic lady novelists of the 19th century, Nixon wants to impart a moral with her melodrama. She affirms, "I'm a writer, but I'm also a teacher." That message, in the current patois of network executives, translates as "pro-social values," by which they mean virtue triumphant. But Nixon's meaning is subtler: it is the notion that nothing human is alien. —*By Richard Stengel. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York*

New Notes from an Old Cello

At 79, John Gielgud is the hottest young talent around

Question: Is it possible to make a movie or TV series without John Gielgud?
Answer: Yes. But it is not easy.

Since 1980 his face has been seen on more screens than the MGM lion. Famous to serious theatergoers for more than 50 years, the reserved, sometimes frosty-appearing Gielgud has, in his 70s, suddenly assumed a new role—that of Major Movie Star. "Isn't it amazing?" he exclaims, as surprised and delighted as anyone else who has suddenly hit the jackpot. "It's the most extraordinary piece of luck!"

He played the austere, ironic butler in *Arthur*, for which he won an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor in 1982, and he was Charles Ryder's comically aloof father in TV's *Brideshead Revisited*. But he was also, to give only a partial list, the anti-Semitic Cambridge don in *Chariots of Fire*, Lord Irwin in *Gandhi*, a doge of Venice in NBC's *Marco Polo*, Albert Speer's father in ABC's *Inside the Third Reich*, Pope Pius XII in CBS's *The Scarlet and the Black*, a crooked art dealer in *Sphinx*, a German scientist in *The Formula*, and the British censor who prosecuted D.H. Lawrence in *Priest of Love*.

And the list goes on. This fall he will be seen as an aristocratic con man, a crook of many faces, in Orion Pictures' mystery-comedy *Scandalous*; early next year he will be on TV again, as an officer of the British Raj in HBO's adaptation of M.M. Kaye's *The Far Pavilions*. "Once again I had to ride a horse," he says. "I've been in so many films where I had to ride. And I can't ride at all, not at all. It's dreadful work!"

He is also on TV these days as an amusingly supercilious huckster for Paul Masson wines. In the funniest of the commercials, he bursts into a locker room as a group of huge football players are about to give themselves a ritual champagne shower after a winning game. "Gentlemen!" he says reprovingly, as he expropriates a bottle and glass from a giant paw. "This is Paul Masson champagne." Holding a bottle close to one dull-looking jock, he asks, "Can you read?" "Vintage 1980," the (cowed) player replies. "Remarkable," responds Gielgud with good-natured sarcasm.

And that, doubtless, is how Sir John—he was knighted in 1953—is perceived by most people around the world: bright blue eyes looking condescendingly down a luxuriant nose at the unruly, almost always inelegant world around him. "I have a natural kind of hauteur and arrogance," he admits, "but actually I'm very shy and humble." On this warm summer day, sitting over lunch at the Ivy, an old theatrical restaurant in London's West End, he is none of those things, however. He is instead the Gielgud his friends say they see, the irrepressible Mr. Chat, full of observations, anecdotes and gossip. "You needn't say a word when you're with him," says Ralph Richardson, a close friend for 53 years. "Sometimes I will say yes or no or really? Afterward he will tell someone, 'I had a wonderful talk with Ralph.' And I didn't say anything! He's a continual firework of words."

The Major Movie Star in a rare moment of repose between roles

"You make a new life for yourself when you're old."

Most of the pyrotechnics concern actors, acting and recollections of productions he has appeared in since 1921, when he made his professional debut as a herald in an Old Vic production of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. He grew up in upper-middle-class comfort in London's South Kensington district, with a nanny, servants and private schools, and he and his brother and sister put on their own plays in a miniature home theater. His ambition was to be an actor, but he promised his stockbroker father that he would settle down and become an architect if he had not made it on the stage by the time he was 25. Success, however, was almost genetically ordained: his mother was a member of the famous Terry family, the royalty of Britain's stage, and his father's ancestry, which was Polish, included two illustrious actors as well.

For the descendant of two such families, the acting game came naturally, and Gielgud was soon receiving a wide variety of parts. "I played a lot of very neurotic young men, and they were very helpful to me," he says. "But if I hadn't been careful, I might have been typed as an hysterical juvenile. I was lucky to get Shakespeare, Chekhov and Congreve early on and develop an appetite for really good stuff that showed that I could do something outside my own range. One is inclined to trade on the qualities that brought one's reputation, you know. You take it for granted you have been hired for that personality, and you don't really work at acting any more."

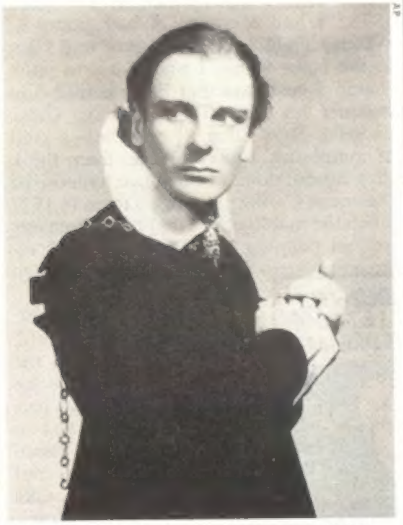
With his cello-like voice, which has the richness and grandeur of Elgar's concerto, Gielgud made his greatest mark in Shakespeare; in the '20s and '30s he did Hamlet, Lear, Romeo, Prospero, Antony, Richard II, Macbeth, Hotspur and Oberon. Many critics thought he was the best Hamlet of his generation, but Gielgud's own favorite was his Richard II, the poet king. "It suited him so well," agrees Richardson. "He's the only person who has ever played it so well in my lifetime."

In his many productions, some of which he also directed, Gielgud helped change the style of Shakespearean acting, making it less declamatory and more natural. Today, he believes, that trend has gone too far, and recent interpretations fail to give sufficient emphasis to the poetry of the plays. "For a while I was the modern way, and that way lasted a long time. But now there's a new style. One thing I would still like to do is Prospero in a film of *The Tempest*. It would be a nice thing to leave behind as a record of my Shakespeare work."

He was also skilled in comedy and was, by all accounts, a brilliant John Worthing in Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. With the classics on his mind, he did not take his few films *(Insult, The Secret Agent)* of the time seriously, and they were, by his own estimation, "simply awful! I was frightfully camera-conscious and worried that I was too ugly. The only thing I liked about films was looking at the back of my head, which otherwise I could only see at the tailor's."

As the '30s drew to a close, it became clear that there were three great actors in

England: the triumvirate of Gielgud, Richardson and Laurence Olivier that has now ruled the British theatrical world for 50 years. "Larry is the lion, the hero who can play Oedipus, Henry V and Lear," says Derek Granger, the producer of *Brideshead Revisited*, who has worked with all of them. "Ralph is the transmuted common man, Peer Gynt and Falstaff. John is the poet, the one with the finest and most aristocratic sensibility. He is Hamlet, Richard II and Prospero. It is an



AP

Taking a melancholy pose in *Hamlet*, 1936

EILEEN DARBY

In *The Importance of Being Earnest*, 1947

amazing coincidence that we have got all three at once. It is something that will go down in theatrical history."

Olivier and Gielgud played many of the same parts, however, and a rivalry developed. In one famous 1935 production of *Romeo and Juliet* they went so far as to alternate parts, Gielgud playing Romeo while Olivier played Mercutio, then reversing roles. "I thought John's extraordinary, darting imagination made him the better Mercutio," recalls Peggy Ashcroft, who was Juliet to both of them, "but Larry was the definitive Romeo, a real, vigorous, impulsive youth. There is the most charming story about John. He once said, talking about Othello, 'I don't really know what jealousy is.' Then he caught himself. 'Oh, yes. I do! I remember! When Larry had a success as Hamlet, I wept.' "

The two are mannerly toward each other, but there are hints that the rivalry is not altogether friendly these days. "I saw a few extracts from Larry's memoirs *(Confessions of an Actor),"* says Gielgud, "and I wouldn't read any more. I couldn't bear what he said about Vivien Leigh [Olivier's late wife]. People are very shocked by the book. They all say it's very ungenerous." With Richardson, on the other hand, there has been not only friendship, but collaboration in memorable productions of David Storey's *Home* (1970) and Harold Pinter's *No Man's Land* (1975).

Gielgud had his share of flops, including a notable *Othello*, but by the '40s he had portrayed so many kings in blank verse that, as he puts it, "my old management would say: 'Just stick a crown on his head and send him onstage.' " Then in 1950, under the inspired direction of Peter Brook, he found a new interpretation of Angelo in *Measure for Measure*. Instead of portraying him as an extravagant sensualist, as others had done, he played him as a repressed Puritan under a veneer of sanctimony. The role revitalized a career that, reversing the usual rule, has grown larger as he has grown older. "I always did pretty well financially," he says, "but I never made very big money, the way movie stars do, until about 15 years ago. Thank God it happened. I only wonder how long it will last. One dreads the moment when nothing is offered."

Making faces in *Scandalous*

Like Olivier, who also has a busy old age, Gielgud sometimes gives the impression that out of that dread he will go anywhere, do anything, so long as he has a speaking part. He is probably the only great actor ever to appear in a porno pic, Bob Guccione's *Caligula*. "They offered me the part of the Emperor Tiberius, and I turned it down, saying, 'This is pure pornography.' Gore Vidal, who wrote the original script, then wrote me a terrifically rude letter, saying how impertinent it was of me to refuse it and that if I knew what Tennessee Williams and Edward Albee said about me, I wouldn't be so grand. Terrible vituperation. Then they offered me another smaller part that wasn't dirty, and I rather shamefacedly took it. I played a whole scene in a bath of tepid water. It took three days to shoot, and every two hours some terrible hags dragged me out, rubbed me down and put me back into the water again. Most extraordinary proceedings."

Until ten years ago, Gielgud had a house behind Westminster Abbey. A lifelong bachelor, he was a constant on the London scene, going to all the good parties, seeing the new shows and attending important art exhibitions. Then he moved to an elegant 18th century carriage house near Oxford, where he gardens, keeps an aviary of parakeets and cockatoos and looks after two Shih Tzus. "I used to love parties and meeting new people," he says. "Now I'm amazed to find how little I miss the bright lights. You make a new life for yourself when you're old. I sleep in the afternoon, I play my records, do my crossword puzzles, read masses of books, watch television for an hour after dinner, then go to bed early. I'm a very contented man."

Though he seems to read almost everything, what he enjoys most is "trashy American novels. Harold Robbins is a great read, and Judith Krantz is a joy! Have you read *Mistral's Daughter?* Oh, you should, you know. I can't wait for the next. One always wonders how many pages the publisher demands between sex scenes. I've never managed to read Barbara Cartland. She is too pure. I like all the filthy details."

Such thoughts turn him to the partly eaten cold crab on his plate. It is too tough, he pronounces, and if he finishes it, he will probably get hiccups—"so humiliating." At that his quicksilver mind jumps to his Victorian parents and to Victorians in general, who, by his estimation, ate so much that they must have burped, belched and behaved rather badly after every meal. "When I first went to America in 1928," he remembers, speaking of bad manners, "there were spittoons everywhere. I remember avoiding spit as it flew past me in Times Square. Very unattractive." Still, that did not prevent him from learning to like the U.S. and New York City. "I adore New York. It's still rather wondrous to me."

Peggy Ashcroft thinks of Gielgud as one of the last of the Edwardians, not just in age, but in temperament. It is not a judgment with which he will quarrel. He fondly remembers the London of his youth as a bright and magical city. "I do think with great nostalgia of the old days," he says. "But I wouldn't want them back. I'd rather be taken back to a somewhat later period when I first saw my name in lights on a marquee and said, 'I'm going to be a star.' "

—By Gerald Clarke

Take Me out of the Ball Game

How mental blocks can short-circuit baseball careers

In the second inning of this season's All-Star game, Los Angeles Dodger Second Baseman Steve Sax fielded an easy grounder, straightened up for the lob to first, and bounced the ball past First Baseman Al Oliver, who was less than 40 ft. away. It was a startling error even for an All-Star game studded with bush-league mishaps. But hard-core baseball fans knew it was one more manifestation of a leading mystery of the 1983 season: Sax, 23, last year's National League Rookie of the Year, cannot seem to make routine throws to first base. (Of his first 27 errors this season, 22 stem from bad throws.)

Sax is not alone. Over the years, a number of major league baseball players have developed odd mental blocks and sent psychologists scurrying for explanations. Among the most dramatic examples:

▸ Mike Ivie, an outstanding catching prospect, was signed as a teen-ager by the San Diego Padres in 1970. In his first workout with the Padres, Ivie threw the ball too low to the pitcher and hit the screen used to protect pitchers during batting practice. A fellow catcher, Chris Cannizzaro, joked about it, and Ivie developed a block about throwing the ball back to the pitcher. Ivie switched to first base and, after a mediocre career with two other teams, is now a journeyman player for the Detroit Tigers.

▸ Steve Blass, a World Series hero for the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1971 and an All-Star pitcher in 1972, mysteriously could not get the ball over the plate in 1973. As a result, he was out of baseball in 1974, at 32. Blass could throw with near-perfect control in practice, but apparently developed a phobia about facing hitters in a game.

▸ Kevin Saucier, now 27, a flamboyant pitcher called "Hot Sauce" by his teammates, was 7-3 with the World Champion Phillies in 1980 and a brilliant Tiger reliever with a 1.65 ERA in 1981. The following year, he developed a dread of going to the ballpark, walked too many batters, and reported that when he threw a ball, he didn't "have any idea where it's going to go." He retired last spring because "I thought I was going to kill somebody" with an errant pitch.

▸ Jim Eisenreich, a promising outfielder, hit .303 and .286 with the Minnesota Twins in 1982 and 1983. He quit during both seasons because of nervous twitching and hyperventilation.

Some players have coped with their problems by changing positions. As a catcher, Dale Murphy had a milder form of Ivie's phobia. In Murphy's case, it involved throwing the ball to second base. The Atlanta Braves eventually moved him to the outfield. Last year he was the league's Most Valuable Player.

Some therapists think that these physical difficulties are the result of deep-seated emotional problems. Manhattan Clinical Psychologist Donald Kaplan says that they are "conversion symptoms"—psychic troubles that express themselves as psychomotor problems. Other therapists look upon them as anxiety reactions, like cases of stage fright or writer's block, that may or may not have anything to do with deep inner turmoil. Says Los Angeles Psychologist Tom Backer: "The fear of never being able to do it again is almost universal with performers."

Pitcher Blass gamely opted for several kinds of treatment, including Transcendental Meditation, psychotherapy and hypnotism. He also tried "optometherapy" sessions with a California optometrist who asked him to visualize himself pitching well as a form of self-psyching. Nothing worked.

The most faddish therapy in baseball is hypnotism. "What's a psychiatrist going to do?" says Hypnotist Arthur Ellen of Los Angeles. "Ask a fellow how he gets along with his mother? Who cares?" Ellen says he has treated the quirks, slumps and other problems of a number of past and present stars, including Nolan Ryan, Don Sutton, Steve Yeager and Orlando Cepeda. Los Angeles Dodger Pitcher Jerry Reuss visited Ellen twice in 1974 and 1975. "I had a couple of bad games at Wrigley Field," recalls Reuss, "and I got to the point where I was afraid to pitch there." Reuss says that Ellen helped him conquer his fear of the Chicago Cubs' ballpark. Says Ellen: "I give them a kind of composure. I just won't let them think they cannot do it." Ellen once hypnotized the entire California Angels team in 1977 when the manager felt that his ballplayers needed pepping up. (Despite Ellen's efforts, the team finished fifth in its division.)

Another hypnotist, Harvey Misel of St. Paul, is under contract to the Chicago White Sox; several weeks ago, he got permission from the Sox to treat Outfielder Eisenreich. Hypnotists put players into a trancelike state and try to teach them how to relax. "I'm not saying that personal problems are not involved," says Ellen. "But extended psychotherapy is no good to the team or the player who has to snap out of it quickly."

Ellen failed with Steve Blass, but successfully treated several players for problems that went beyond slumps and bad streaks. One of them, he says, was former Los Angeles Dodger Shortstop Maury Wills, who developed a leg problem in 1962, partly because of psychological reasons, after he stole a record 104 bases that season. As Wills said at that time: "People will say the pain was all in my mind, which is true. But that's the worst place to have it."

So far the Dodgers have fended off at least ten hypnotists who want to try curing Steve Sax, says Al Campanis, vice president of personnel. "It's just a temporary thing," Campanis insists. "The coaches are telling him, 'Don't think about a bad throw, just throw the ball.'" That, of course, usually makes matters worse. Says Sax: "It's like if somebody comes up to you and says, 'Don't think about an elephant for the next five seconds.' The first thing you're going to think about is an elephant." Or, as San Francisco Outfielder Jim Wohlford once said in a now classic comment, "Ninety percent of this game is half mental." —*By John Leo*

In 1909, Eloise Beatty lit up a cigarette at the beach. She was surprised she made such a big splash.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS *Lights*

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Menthol: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83.

© 1983 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

This car does not have a fireplace. BUT. It does have living room. Elbow room. Head room. Toe room.

Family room!

It's for families of five. For families who are a cut above average. For families who like to spread out. There's more feet for your feet. Adjustable seats for your seats. More living room for your family. And a tough, new, responsive, electronically fuel-injected 2 liter SOHC engine that gives great gas mileage (44 Estimated Highway MPG, (32) EPA Estimated MPG).* That beats the mileage of any import compact today.

But that's not all Camry offers. There's front-wheel drive traction. An impressive, new, electronically controlled 4-speed automatic overdrive that lets you set the pace — "Normal" for most everyday driving conditions; "Economy" for improved fuel efficiency; "Power" for added performance. There's variable assist power rack and pinion steering, cruise control, power windows, power door locks. Two glove compartments — Yours and Theirs.

OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

The Toyota Camry. Whether you buy the 4-Door Sedan or the 5-Door Liftback, it's not just the family car. It's The Family Camry.

* Camry Deluxe 5-speed. Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

INTRODUCING

THE FAMILY CAMRY!